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THREE

LATE SUMMER, 2002

Fumo Machine Fails to Crush A.J. Thomson in 175th District

COURAGE & CONVICTION CONFRONT CASH & CONNECTIONS

BY CHRISTINE SMALLWOOD

the gray cotton t-shirt that Tom Thomson holds up to me is like a tent. the bottom edge of which flaps somewhere around my calves. Later I will realize that it is an XXL, a size that falls somewhere in the nebulous territory between ridiculous and absurd. At the time, though, I am delighted to be receiving this A.J. LEVER #115 paraphernalia. "Take two,"

It is May 21, around 11 o'clock at night, and the Starboardside bar, a Fishtown dive with generous bar space and a roomy eating area, is crowded with the family and friends of A.J. Thomson.

The 25-year old Fishtown native is holding his election returns party, having finished his first go in the Democratic primary for Representative to the

Caesar on

the Square

A CHAT WITH ANDREW HOHNS

BY RICHARD CHARLES

his immediate audience.

vouth," he announces.

The 23 year-old idealist casts his The 23 year-old idealist casts his penetrating gaze forward, focus-ing on a point just beyond the eyes of

"I see such potential in terms of

Andrew Hohns, the young man

in front of me on whose shoulders the

future design of this fair city may one

day depend, made a strong bid in the

democratic primary for state repre-

sentative of the 182nd district, losing

to incumbent Babette Josephs in late

May. It was the closest race in the

city, though you wouldn't know it

"It wasn't so close," Josephs

Yet one can't help but suspect that

ecalled, citing her 15% margin of

Josephs might be exaggerating her confidence in hindsight. Hohns

raised \$52,526, more than half from

his employers in the Cohen family.

who founded Jefferson Bank. Josephs

raised less than an eighth of that fig-

ure for her campaign. In the weeks before the election, Hohns' handsome

mug was smiling warmly and confi-

dently from home and shop windows

throughout Center City; the Josephs

campaign appeared stunned for a few

weeks before countering with posters

of their own. Babette Josephs came

close to paying dearly for making a

mistake that her young opponen

talking with Josephs a month later.

victory. "He's out. He's history."

General Assembly of the 175th
District of Philadelphia County. By the time I arrive, it's clear that Thomson will lose to the 75 year-old Marie Lederer. She is an established, nine-year incumbent, with experience on the party's State Committee and a marriage to a retired judge, so the outcome is disappointing but not exactly news.

A.J. is one of three young men who made bold attempts to unseat incumbents in this year's democratic primary and came up short. But unlike his counterparts, Sharif Street and Andrew Hohns, A.J. did so without the help of any deep pockets or family political connections. Two weeks before election day, Hohns had raised \$52,500, more than eight times as much as his opponent, Babette Josephs. Sharif Street, the son of Mayor John Street, raised a staggering \$111,400, about nine dollars for every vote cast in the district. A.J. won his 23 percent on a scant \$7,100 budget. Although the Philadelphia media ignored Thomson's campaign, he must now be acknowledged as a force to be reckoned with in city politics. On a shoestring budget, with no famous name, A.J. won 1,919 voters over from a strong incumbent the old

sharing ideas. Back in February, A.J. began his primary campaign with a simple premise: that by getting involved in government, he would be able to put people back in touch with their communities. He holds no political record; his only elected post had been as Vice President of the Multicultural Organization at Duke University during his junior year. At Duke, he joked the night of the election, lower-

fashioned way - shaking hands and

Ancient Druids Build Monument to Mystical Trade THE LOST TEMPLE OF FINANCE AND ITS AVANT-GARDE IMHOTEP: THE KEYSTONE NATIONAL BANK



NEZANEZANEZANEZANEZANEZA Letter from the Sameric

The ambrosia of the popcorn & in the men's room, a holy light

BY CLARK ROTH

It's true, love can draw out some odd and remarkable efforts, maybe even more so the after-image of love. I was in high school when they tore down the drive-in screen in my home town. If they hadn't, I probably never would have thought about the thing for a second. I still don't, much, except when I hear about those people trying to generate a drive-in revival on the West Coast. Is it the fear of letting go? In the years since drive-ins made their millions and then passed out of mind, we've all found better places to make out, developed better sound and vision for household use, and anyhow who wants to spend all week going to and from work on the roadways only to climb back in your car for two more hours on a Friday night no matter what the hell picture is showing?

All this walling up against the notion that, well, there ust ought to be a drive-in somewhere, same as there just ought to be a nationwide rail system, if only to share Americana with people we really like, like Bette Davis and Fred Astaire. But then how to make the simple, old-fashoned good things stay, and not just care about them on their way out the door, say nothing of the grand glorious

First time I went to the Sameric was a couple years ago, when I first moved to Philly. I was between moving and job-hunting anxieties, went to see that movie The Cell eaturing Jennifer Lopez in pursuit of a serial killer, with the victim girl slow-drowning in a tank somewhere in the California wilderness. She's rescued just in time, meantime J-Lo is spelunking through the captive killer's mind science-fiction-wise, engaging his nasty personal demons, flicking the venomous animals off his inner child. The killer is ultimately un-saveable, though, if I remember

Next time I went it was later that Fall when they rereleased The Exorcist. I was introduced at that point to the filthy men's bathroom downstairs-but what a stunning blue it was!-and to the amazing undersea light fixture they had hanging in the grand auditorium. And the woolly smell coming up out of the popcorn stand. I forget exactly, but I think it's something like 25 seconds it takes for your olfactory nerves to acclimatize to a new odor. Quite a series of 25-second intervals they subjected you to over there sometimes, and I'm no princess with the peo either, I've done the punk rock hovel-hopping. Well, God, I used to live in a van, just like Jewel, and anyhow, for the streamlined metropolitan bliss that comes from living in New York or Philadelphia. I can't begrudge the Olde Girls a little stink and squalor.

Did you not feel sometimes, though, that the light of the place was held under a pretty fierce little bushel?, the Sameric's I mean, did you not get a sense of the pride of the place getting strapped down and spanked a little? I

turn to SAMERIC, page 3 NETAKETAKETAKETAKETAKETA

I am old and I hate everything.

INSIDE Major Taylor versus Nelly & the Neptunes

A lecture on aesthetics, Page 3 ..

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Stonehenge on Chestnut Street

BY ARIEL BEN-AMOS hiladelphia is a city of ghostly Dhiladelphia is a chi, architecture • of bygone days, standing side by side with glass towers, often seems to blend into the shadows cast by their giant successors. These stone specters of our past still hover amid our skyline, unremembered and unused. At 1326 Chestnut Street, its once grand entrance now encased in large dull brown granite tiles, rests the Keystone National Bank Building. Its seven floors now boarded up and unused, it stands as a souvenir of our own selective memory.

Walking east from Broad Street, the walls of Chestnut loom skywards, pushing our attention down and ahead. On either side, the arrayed inventories of Lord & Taylor and Society Hill Furniture cry for our attention from their large display windows. At the southwest corner of Chestnut and Juniper, its base wrapped in plate glass and brown granite, stands the Keystone National Bank Building, obscured behind a red Value Plus sign. A dirty brown gable ops the front facade of the building, and its small, intricately framed winlows suggest forgotten romance. The entire front appears to float above the giant red Value Plus sign, which advertises surplus pallets of umbrellas, toothpaste and tube socks for sale where clerks used to fill vaults with a city's treasure. Despite these indignities of old age, the building still holds an innate attraction. Most people,

turn to KEYSTONE, page 11

Bader completes The Pilot & The Panda from spartan Spring

Garden cell 218,000 WORDS IN 1,000 DAYS: READ THE EXCLUSIVE **EXCERPT INSIDE**

BY MATTATHIAS SCHWARTZ ~ For three years Erik Bader led a muted, almost convalescent existence. He would wake up at 10 a.m. each morning, walk across the street to the delicatessen at the corner of 22nd and Spring Garden, and order "the usual," a ham and cheese omlette with coffee. Mr. Bader would eat and leisurely flip through the Daily News until noon, when he'd walk back across the street to his modest firstfloor apartment, put on a pot of coffee, light a cigarette, turn on his computer, and work for five hours straight on his novel. Five o'clock was quitting time Mr. Bader would amble down to his favorite bar, McGlinchey's, read a little, and think about what he was going to write the next day. When the money ran out, Mr. Bader took tem-Jenkintown warehouse, a parking attendant out at the airport, a mailroom clerk, a receptionist, and loading trucks with vegetables down at the Food Center until he could build his stake up and get back into his steady. quiet routine of real work. He wasn't sure if he'd find a publisher, or even a reader for the book. He's still not sure today.I first met him in the middle of this process. His first words to m 'a page a day, a book a year. And three years later, Mr. Bader's novel, The Pilot and the Panda, is long enough to fill three 300-page volumes

turn to PILOT, page 9 TARETARETARE LEARN A NEW POSITION Our new chess column, page 1



INSIDE

"At Dunkin Donuts," by DAVID KESSLER The investigation begins on Page 4

The Life and Times of Our Most Contested Concrete Acre MAYOR STREET PULLS WICKED FAKIE

Crime to Sport when Cameras Roll

BY J. GABRIEL BOYLAN

n one of the 'stay out' signs posted around the perimeter fence at JFK Plaza in Philadelphia is a half-torn sticker which reads simply: "FUCK Philadelphia." The letters in 'FUCK' are boxed and the 'U' is tilted at an angle in the iconic manner of the Gary Indiana sculpture from which the plaza gets its colloquial name: LOVE Park. The sculpture is now poxed in by giant wooden panels. The park is being given a swift makeover, with the addition of several trees, stretches of grass and wooden benches, and the elimination of its old granite tiles, concrete planters, and poured-concrete penches. For most of the day the place lies empty and quiet, dust-filled from onstruction and ghostly in contrast to the bustle that surrounds it. For a time, shortly after the park was closed and

THURST WAY

Building, Philadelphia 2002

ATTAKTAKTAKTAKTAKTA

Letter from Los Angeles

New city, futon, sunny day, three

drinks do not quite equal happiness

BY MARK LOTTO

This time around I may as wen have gone to silver space suit, gloved hand, white rock, field of This time around I may as well have gone to the moon

tars, tiptoe and bounce, on the soundtrack a theremin

wails. The greatest mystery of Los Angeles these days is

the complete and total absence of gravity. You'll find no

war here, and no recession, and the baggage I brought

nere with me: no one cares. The irrelevance of this place is

this much: I got sick after a long long period of being

unwell; and then I came to LA. Ask me any more ques-

tions and I'll refer you to Bob Seger's 1978 hit single

"Hollywood Nights", or Polk's 1845 inaugural address, the

preserved diary pages of pioneer women, the last two lines

of "Huckleberry Finn." Needless to say, I didn't come out

here to make it big but for quite the opposite reason, to

make myself smaller and smaller. I sometimes feel like a

man lit out on his parole, gone into hiding. That's not an

explanation my mom's going to like. How about this:

Mom, the weather really does go to work on you out here

and I spend a lot of time driving around in my car with

Hollywood Boulevard, near to the Mann Chinese

Theater, and for reasons of my own I have determined to

leave this room I rent empty and mostly unfurnished;

most people I know are puzzled and infuriated by this

decision but there is I believe something to be said about

letting a space fill itself in the time it takes. My futon is

my couch, desktop, and breakfast table and lying down

upon it I can look out the window onto the beautiful

courtyard garden of my building. The acaranda trees

you'll be happy to know - are in bloom, and busy shedding

their purple flowers onto the street and sidewalk and the

roofs of the cars. About this sort of Los Angeles spring. Nathanael West said, "The air itself was vibrant pink."

Sorry. I lied before: the longer I live here, amid the ultra-

violet rays and the radiant wide open flowers, the less I can

believe that happiness is photosynthesis. The weather here

Oh, don't get me wrong, I'm probably just friggin'

grumpy, all jittery, because I've lived here four months and

insane from lack of contact. So I spend a lot of time sit-

ting in bars besides, waiting, just waiting to be acknowl-

edged, for someone, anyone, to look in my direction, sud-

denly see me and lift these curtains of invisibility all

around me. Of course, after a couple of gimlets, these fan-

tasies of recognition devolve into the usual sorts of fan-

tasies, furtive disrobing in public restrooms, starlets and

coke, couplings like barnstormings. Anyway, there's a bar

turn to Los ANGELES, page 3

REPARETARETARETARETA

The Powerhouse is a small box of neon and red

has cleared my sinuses but not my head.

still haven't gotten laid. I suspect I may be go

here in Hollywood where I spend some time.

Nowadays I live in a studio one block north of

Next you'll ask me how I ended up here. I'll tell you

drastic, and delicious.

the windows down.

Flood the seminar SPACE 1026 AT THE I.C.A.

BY BENJAMIN TIVEN The members of the arts collective Space 1026 usually don't show heir own work as a group, preferring to use their gallery space on Arch Street to show other people's art. But n a remarkable collaboration, Space 1026 members recently had a group show installed at the Institute for Contemporary Art at the University of Pennsylvania. Scratch off the Serial included work by twenty-seven 1026 members, all of it self-curated by the artists themselves. The members also curated their own mini-exhibition within the larger show, consisting of work by non-1026 artists who were thought to best represent the spirit of 1026's gallery.

The whole installation was an ntricate arrangement of many (largescale) pieces. The 1026 members held weekly meetings for months before the show to figure out how the space would be divided up, in what order things would be painted or built, and much space each artist would need. All decisions about the show were made by consensus, as are almost all decisions at Space 1026, a working method sometimes opaque to their friends at the ICA. But dividing the space, making the plans, doing the work - these were the lesser problems. "The biggest logistical problem," says Ben Woodward, a 1026 member, "was making sure people had their shit together.

The ICA granted the artists an turn to 1026, page 11

the fences went up, small busts of half-skateboards with trucks and wheels appeared inside the fences, ashen skateboard tombstones in solemn rows. The tombstones were quickly taken away, and that torn sticker is now the only sign of protest at a Philadelphia site that's been a contested space for years.

LOVE Park was once a haven for skateboarders from all over the world, but due to renovations the park will now be impossible to skate. If you hang around the park long enough, taking in its slow destruction and reconstruction, you're bound to see a few skateboarders silently rolling past, faces screwed up in mourning. You can sense this sadness mixed with rage when you talk to almost anyone who skated the park. Tod Heasley, like many Philadelphia skaters, moved to the city because of its leg-endary skateboarding community and because of LOVE Park. "It was amazbecause of LOVE Park. It was amazing," Heasley said, "because LOVE was completely ours." The large plaza boasted nearly perfect conditions for skateboarding: long flat granite tiles, low solid stone benches and massive curved stone planters. The park is located in the execution of the park is a control in the execution of the park is the park located in the exact center of Philadelphia, within easy reach of all parts of the city. For a dozen years LOVE Park was a mecca for skateboarding, Hosting nearly 200 skaters on a good day, the park attracted both locals and tourists from around the country and the world who came to skate and observe. Then, in a flurry of economic pressure and political blun-

A NOT SO SECRET HIDE-OUT FOR SELF-PROPELLED HOODLUMS

In order to understand how LOVE became such a prized spot for skateboarding it is essential to understand the genesis of skateboarding as turn to LOVE PARK, page 10

Bloomsday on DeLancey Place

Fans pack the stands for the reading of the Joyce 800

done on either their birthdays or, afield as Dublin and Melbourne, more morbidly, on the date of their Australia. The beginnings deaths. In Shakespeare's case this is especially handy, as he is reported to have been born and to have died on the same day, also conveniently St. George's Day. How patriotic. Less patriotic than Shakespeare, but just as intrinsically linked with his home nation and culture, James Joyce is celebrated on the 16th of June each year; neither his birthday nor deathday, but the date on which his most lauded novel is set. "Ulysses," first published privately by Sylvia Beach in Paris in 1922, takes place in and around Dublin, Ireland on June 16, 1904; the date on which lovce first walked his future wife Nora Barnacle around the streets of the city. Joyce's novel, using Homer's "Odyssey" as its structural model, follows a cast of characters on their travels around Dublin from early morning on June 16 until 2 a.m. the following morning. Now, ninety-eight years after the vents of that imagined and remembered day, Bloomsday (named after the central character of the novel,

f literary figures are to be celebrat- Leopold Bloom) is an annual event I fliterary figures are to be celebrathed on a specific date, it is usually held all over the world, in cities as far field as Dublin and Melbourne, Bloomsday in Ireland itself were 1954, when a small group of Dublin writers set out to visit all of the locations of the novel in "real time." The event ended early, however, when the reluctance to leave a good pub overwhelmed the desire to stay on sched-

Here in Philadelphia there is good reason to mark the day. The Rosenbach Museum and Library elegantly situated on the leafy 2000 block of DeLancey Place, is home to the original, full, handwritten manuscript of the novel, recently voted to the top of the Modern Library's one hundred best novels in the English language. For the past eleven years the Rosenbach has organized a public reading of the book on the steps of the museum, and local politicians, publicans, actors, artists, and supporters of the museum gather to read close to 70 three-minute sections from the masterwork. Michael

turn to BLOOMSDAY, page 4

***************** General Advertisements, Page 13

IMBRELLA: Tattered inside out umbrella, blue, price programme of Aryal Ave core. Pasco de include My Bloody Valentine, Prices, and Oxiona. PERSONAL: You: scrifty, rall, poly Underground You mant be reads to reck.

ingonitates. Siece the on Ayala Ave cont. Fasco are
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imaginative young individuals who are hell bent.

BISTOLEROR SILL 25 POR SALL 25 When Thish
Mountain Bike Bike has never been used for trials.

would never make, not even at the middle class whites are the most dawn of his political career. She turn to HOHNS, page 6 turn to THOMSON, page 6 We Will Never Drink Enough

A short story about girls, cars & revolution

Betcha took her cruisin,' didn't As he sped off, I looked to Irena with a suppressed smile. She was sitting on car, kid...Get this, captain, when this the steps next to the posh restaurant, bitch opens up she can hit about a' tugging at her oversized valet jacket buck sixty, easy. Shit, man, you know that never quite seemed to fit her the girlies love this car, gets em slop py hot just lookin' at it..." He prattled on; I gave him the keys. I waited patiently as he continued to speak about precision automotive engineer ing or something. Sensing my disinterest, he shuffled through the pockets of his designer blazer and slid a crumpled ticket into my waiting palm, offering an uneven drunken smirk Though our business was finished, his talk of the sporty little Jaguar was not. At that point I stopped listening. I wondered to myself if it was awful to imagine him not making it home to New Jersey, or wherever the fuck he lived. I hoped to walk by the 95 overpass to see his red mid-life crisis status symbol crumpled up in a mess of jagged glass and pine air fresheners, slowly dripping gasoline onto his face. I knew the answer was yes; it was horrible, but I willed it anyway.

"Thanks so much. Have a terrific evening, Sir. And please drive safely," I said, shutting the car door for him

"Sloppy hot? Did you hear that prick?" I asked.

"To be fair, his car can 'hit a buck sixty." she replied sarcastically. "So did that charming man give you a tip

"No, not exactly." I replied, removing a twenty-dollar bill from my sock and shoving it inside my wallet. She laughed a little. She stopped wrestling with the zipper of her blue valet jacket to show off a stolen Septa TransPass and a Peter Popoff cassette tape of sermons which she "came across" in a car. Then she proceeded to preach to me in her most grandiose, televangelist voice holding the picture of the good reverend in front of her face.

"Oh Mercy! Oh Lord! Ohhh, have mercy Lord, please guide Thomas' crooked soul to your pearly gates. Stealing from that fine drunk fellow, oh Mercy! You ought to be

turn to DRINK, page 8

********************** The hushed electric trucks were rushing by with mail bags, and he stared a the news with a peculiar effort. It was a hostile broth of black print Moonraceberlin Krushchwarncommitteegalactic Xray Phouma. - SAUL BELLOW ********************* The Golden Age never was the Present Age. - POOR RICHARD



MATTATHIAS SCHWARTZ, Editor & Publisher RICHARD CHARLES, MICHAEL HOOD, MC HYLAND, BENJAMIN TIVEN; Associate Editors of Words JACOB WEINSTEIN, JIM COMEY; Associate Editors of Pictures

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opinion THE BICYCLIST'S PLIGHT

After taking a fall, our bruised commuter plots against her Mercedes-Benz nemesis: A summons from a lawyer or a U-Lock through the windshield?

BY LAURA L. LIBERT .

South Street, and its sublime ugliness called out to me; Chartreuse in color, with a rack on the back, and a whopping total of five speeds, surely this was love at first sight. I had to have it. I rationalized the merits of riding a bike to work. Sure, I hadn't ridden a bike since I was 13, and had never even attempted to ride with traffic (I figured bike lanes would keep me safe), but it was a lot cheaper than driving and paying to park, and more convenient than paying SEPTA to make me late to work on a daily basis. I checked the contents of my savings account to make sure I had the necessary \$65 and asked a friend of mine to help me make the purchase. He ascertained that the bike was a worthy investment and would need some minor work, like new tubes and tires to make it street-ready. That was all that I needed to hear, so I bought my bike and christened it the "Gremlin."

My first test ride on the Gremlin was pure bliss, it felt almost as good as running but with less pain. I couldn't wait to get the bike fixed up so I could ride it to work. I bought a new tube for the front tire, a lock, and one of those nifty tire-pumps with dual pumping action. My friend had given me a quick lesson on how to deal with traffic, complete with the tried and true advice to stay away from parked cars, and so on. And so off I went, awkwardly at first, on my maiden journey to work. Everything went according to plan until I made my return trip home. It seems my friend had forgotten to warn me about those little things called trolley tracks, those wonderful contrivances that are the exact width of a bicycle tire. Therefore on my first day commuting with my bike, I had my first accident. I managed to get stuck in the groove, and lacking basic riding skills like the ability to turn my front wheel 45∞, panicked and was promptly bucked off of my bike and into the side of a (parked, thankfully) silver Mercedes-Benz SUV. Not only was this my first experience with road burn, this was also my first experience with what I like to call Driver Indifference (D.I.). The driver of the monstrosity practically leaped out his car to check for damages rendered to the finish. Only after he had discovered that nothing had happened to his vehicle did he turn to me and ask if I was okay. By this point, I was trying not to cry and was thinking about how much the dry cleaning bill was going to be to get the blood out of my pants. I thanked him for asking and then shakily rode off on my bike.

Since then I have had many more run-ins with D.I., and as a result often feel the desire to take my u-lock and throw it through the offender's rear window. Most of the time it seems that D.I. appears as a result of simple laziness. I am absolutely convinced that most bike-related accidents would never happen if vehicle drivers would take the extra two seconds to signal for turns and sudden stops, and glance in their rear and side-view mirrors every so often. It

saw it in the window of a second-hand store on would have saved me a lot of pain and trouble if the guy who opened his door into me at 4th and South had taken the time to do so (at least the guy with the Mercedes checked to see if I was alright). I'm sure D.I. is the result of the whole entitlement phenomenon that is the scourge of society these days; the attitude, "It's my road, get out of my way," is as dangerous as it is asinine. It doesn't take a psychic to predict the outcome of what will happen if a twoton car decides to go head to head with a 27-pound bicycle. The bike (and its rider) will lose every time

Then there's the ignorance factor, which unfortunately exists on both sides. I am amazed at the number of people, both bikers and drivers, who are unaware of new and existing laws that impact bicycle safety. For example, about a month ago, City Council voted to make right-hand turns off of Chestnut Street legal, jeopardizing an already risky bike-lane. I was curious about the decision, so I sent an email to Thomas I. Branigan, Project Manager of the Bicycle Network Plan, asking about the ramifications. He informed me that it was simply a matter of taking an existing action and making it legal. With this kind of thought process, I wonder what's next in line for legalization; using the past as an example, one could assume that this means all City Council members will be permitted to drive unlicensed. Other important information that seems to be virtually unknown can be found in Purdon's Pennsylvania Consolidated Statutes Annotated Title 75, Vehicles. Chapter 35, Special Vehicles and Pedestrians, Subchapter A, Section 3505, a,b,c,d, is especially helpful in outlining the general rules for road riding. I suggest that all bikers read and memorize the aforementioned sections, if only to scream out the appropriate parts at vehicle drivers who violate bicyclists' rights to the These sections can be found at www.phila.gov/streets/the_bicycle_network.html. Section 3505 b and c are my personal favorites, as they point out the fact that bikes are entitled to ride in the left hand lane on a two-lane one-way street, given that no lanes have specifically been set aside for bicyclists.

So here's some advice for all of you vehicle operators out there: be aware of your surroundings. Don't ignore the signs designating bike lanes, and don't cut off bikes simply to support your sense of entitlement to the road. Don't assume that we bike-riders are omniscient, capable of predicting what your next, often erratic, move will be. Consider yourselves warned because there are plenty of other bikers out there who, like me, are operating within our rights and have yet to take classes on anger-management. Continue to act with indifference, and perhaps, one day, you might find yourself needing a new taillight, paint job, or even faced with a hefty law suit. I, for one, plan on taking the passive-aggressive route, and will be buying an

opinion ALL FUN MUST CEASE IMMEDIATELY!

A promoter of all-ages concerts beseeches the Department of Licenses and Inspections to end the War on Kids

BY SEAN AGNEW

City of Philadelphia sent four officers from the Department of Licenses and Inspections along with Philadelphia Police Department to "cease operations" at the First Unitarian Church, located at 2125 Chestnut Street. The publicly open and welcoming church, established in 1796, has been in existence for over 200 years. However, the city contends that the space was not legally allowed to hold entertainment events for the general public. Essentially, the city has decided that it is illegal for anyone to host, play or to attend an all ages music show at the First Unitarian Church.

The First Unitarian Church has graciously allowed my company to host all ages concerts in their basement for over eight years now. There was never a single citation, misdemeanor, fine or warning issued to us. Instead, thounds of people came from all over the Philadelphia area. and surrounding suburbs, to take part in positive entertainment. The church, and subsequently these shows, stood as an alternative to bars, clubs or various other alcohol-related options. Local business have continued to grow and prosper as those who were attending these events were buying food, drink and other refreshments from the surrounding shops. One such business even changed its "focus" to provide food specifically for the people attending the church shows. Logically, one would think the City of Philadelphia would welcome the idea of providing alcohol-free, culturally diverse music and art programming, programming which is completely selfsufficient and existed independent of any city or state funding. On the contrary, the city has deemed these shows to be a nuisance and continues to prohibit these events from happening. The First Unitarian Church is just one of many all-ages venues in Philadelphia which have been shut down in the past ten years by the city.

In the state of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia, the liquor laws state it is illegal for anyone under the age of twenty-one to be in an establishment serving alcohol. Because of this law, club and venue owners in the city are uninterested in hosting all ages shows, as they are unable to make a large profit on the crowds. The end result is an absence of smaller to medium sized venues that will host a steady calendar of events for people under (and over) the age of 21 to attend. As the nation's fifth largest city, this leaves those who are under the age of 21 in Philadelphia with little or nothing to do within the city. The First Unitarian shows, as many who have attended them can attest to, were positive and safe.

Given the current financial climate, especially in center city, it is almost impossible to open a smaller to

n Friday July 12th at approximately 8:30pm, The medium sized "legal" all ages club. Commercial real estate prices for buildings that can legally hold three hundred people generally range between eight to twelve thousand dollars a month. We only charge five to eight dollars for each show. That five to eight dollars pays for the four bands (80% of which are from out of state), the evening rental fee, the rental of a sound system, the hiring of adequate staff and security, the cost of flyers and promotions as well as the various other costs associated with booking a show. With this small amount of money being taken in and an even smaller amount of money that is left over after paying all the expenses, it becomes literally impossible to be able to pay thousands of dollars a month in rental fees. For this reason, all-ages shows have for years taken place in various "alternative" locations and buildings such as the First Unitarian Church, the Rotunda, the Killtime, Stalag 13, and others.

As I am writing this, no options remain open to us. All we would like is for there to be a steady, stable and permanent location where these and like-minded positive artistic activities could take place. Unfortunately, the city seems unwilling to cooperate or even listen to our con cerns and positive attributes which such a building and service would provide.

Over the next few days, we will be gathering various community support and feedback concerning this issue. Already several parents, former and current show attendees and community leaders have voiced their great disdain of the way the city has been handling this situation We will be presenting a package to members of City Council and community leaders, illustrating the need for and benefits of having these events take place.

For those of you who have attended concerts at the church, we ask if you could take a few minutes out of your day, and write a letter, be it a few sentences or paragraphs or pages, explaining the positive affect that these or other shows have had on your life. Even if just as a resident in Philadelphia you want to make sure that these events continue to happen in the city, please take the time to

Please write, compose or forward any letters to: SaveAllAgesShows@aol.com.

All letters will be printed out and bound together to be presented to the City. Your help and support is greatly appreciated and was never needed as much as right now.

Sean Agnew owns and operates R5 Productions, an independent music show promotion agency. You can visit them online at http://www.r5productions.com.

<u> CHOCHOCHOCHOCHOCHOCHOCHOCHOCHOCHOCHO</u>

GOODBYF TO GOLDBERG'S

To the Editors:

Goldberg's Army-Navy Store is closing. I am stunned by the news. Why and how come out of my mouth as a garbled "Wow?" The possibility of a Godless universe is easier to face. Goldberg's has been around forever; why they still have a few canteens and tunics from Alexander's

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At Ninth and Chestnut in Philadelphia, parking was always a nightmare – but it was also always worth it. Sure they had camping gear, winter boots, thermal skivvies and the rest, but what mattered, what you could not find any place else, was the surplus - the unique cast-offs of the world's warriors. American army helmets and uniforms, East German border guard hats and coats, Greek Navy cook's pants, ammo boxes, a World War I French army trailer. For no rational reason the color, the feel, the look, the smell of the stuff made it compelling.

When I was a Boy Scout, my canteen and my mess kit were World War II, G.I. There was a connection to my dad in that, more than just the fact that he picked them up after work one night. Even during the Viet Nam years an Army field jacket was part of a student's uniform. Later, a trip to Goldberg's was included in our Philadelphia visits for my wife and sons' sake as much as

Now in the last days of the sale with the inventory shrunk and surplus 75% off, we get to pay our farewell respects: An army, woolen, great coat \$7.50; a canvas bag, \$1.99; Israeli canvas boots, \$5. Is there any limit to how many shoes one soul can

Will Goldberg's reopen someplace

Probably not. What will replace it? A parking

Goodbye old friend, and thanks. EARL W. ROBERTS III

CROOT'S POSTHUMOUS PAPERS RESERVATE RE

Some months ago, before we were thrifty, THE INDEPENDENT purchased a broken old cylindrical printing machine at a flea market. Dating from the early hours of the last century, our beloved Gammeter Mulitgraph's inky carriage is forever frozen in the matrix

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BERKERERERE FOUND AT THE CORNER OF FRANKFORD & MONTGOMERY

BE BE BE REAL BE I never meant to hurt you. God only knows how hurt I am right now. And I just feel like nobody cares. I don't have anybody. I am so lonely. I don't know how you can sleep, because I can't. I lay with your pillow and stuffed animals. I should have treated you so good, like my prince. I thought we would spend forever together. It's 12:00 at night. I'm here all by myself.

QUEENS KNIGHT TAKES

BROOKLYN BISHOP Our dear Mr. Shainin,

First, we beg your forgiveness for the sluggishness of our reply. We have no excuse, other than that we are running a damned newspaper and are getting very little help. But commerce ought not slay etiquette, and so we apologize.

Indeed, we are familiar with the Independent, and even like it very much. We planned to post the editors this opinion, but now that you know, we hope you'll pass it along. They should not stop, or become frightened, or second-guess them-

As for ourselves, we have complicated feelings on interviews, which are most easily summarized by declaring that we don't really like them. We shall be happy to provide you with any information you request, and perhaps you actually have other items on your journalistic agenda. Please do not hesitate to suggest anything, or send us any questions you would like answered.

Only we expect nobody here will volunteer to be the one to go out and be the face for this paper, even as everybody is clamoring to be its voice. In any case, a mention in your editor's publication would please us, and so ask us to do anything for the cause, but be personally interviewed. Yours kindly

J. EPHRAIN UNDERHILL

with your contact information.

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PHILADELPHIA

ON THE SCOURGE OF DIABETES RESERVATE SE To the Editors:

Diabetes has become one of the most staggering epidemics known to man at this present time. High blood pressure, heart attacks, and other illesses can be attributed to diabetes Unlike in the past, diabetes is a condition that more and more children (particularly African-American) are facing. Many children eat fast food, sweets, and get too little exercise. These habits can lead to obseity and diabetes if the necessary changes in lifestyle are not made. The solution is to change eating habits and exercise This would make children more healthy and reduce the risks and other related illnesses. A good diet needs to provide the proper nutrients inheluded in fruits, vegetables and whole grains. A regular exercise regime also needs to be

ALEXANDER WARRICK

BE BE BE BE BE A BRIEF POLEMIC

To the Editors: In affluent areas of New York City I've seen too many - who I call

Conforming Mirror People. JEFFREY GERBER

THE SERVERSE SERVE THE CITY THAT READS

To the Editors:

I picked up your recent issue at Molly's, read the one before too somewhere, and have very much enjoyed them both. A nice departure from the usual. It's refreshing to see words about things that aren't necessarily 'issues' in the five-second political attention span, and some bona fide stabs at writing-writing is always worth the 50 cents, even if it's tepid. Plus the paper looks nice, travels well, and is happily free of real estate I can't afford and ass I don't want. KATE ATKINS

To the Editors:

Your newspaper is beautiful. I want to subscribe forever. May your paper live so long this subscription wears

SARA BECKER

Dearest P.I. folks:

Thank you for being brilliant and loving Our Fine City. Please send me your fine paper and Freemason good-

> In appreciation & support, AURORA SMOOT

Front page: Old Keystone photograph courtesy Architectural Record, new photograph by Rachel Mackow

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guaranteed.

AN AFTERNOON AT THE BAR

So this dude's all like, "Answer the Senator's question Mr. Sullivan. And I'm like, "I've been instructed by my counsel not to testify based on my Fifth Amendment constitutional rights."

opinion MEDICAID, ICE CREAM & DEBT

How volunteering helps illuminate the issues facing senior citizens.

BY PATRICK LIEDTKA

don't eat that. Chocan-upsets my stomach. Just don't eat that. Chocolate what do you expect me to do with it?" Ms. B told me with exasperation. I had agonized in the aisle at Super Fresh, my eyes searching for the Turkey Hill Vanilla. If it wasn't there and I didn't get anything I'd be chastised for that. Choose a substitute on my own - as I had here when I picked the Vanilla/Chocolate mix - and I'd be on the wrong end of a withering rebuke from Ms. B, the 73 year-old woman I help out once a week. Though twelve years of Catholic schooling had cured any prayerful impulses I'd once felt, on my shopping trips for Ms. B, I sometimes find myself mouthing a quiet plea to no higher power in particular to coniure forth the exact item I'm looking for. She's no saccharine-sweet biddy who coos at the nice young man no matter what he brings her. She's Philly-born and Philly tough, and hasn't strayed much further than Atlantic City during her three-score and 13 years. Ms. B and I met more than two

years ago through a local church that connects community members to older adults in the area who are frail, sometimes isolated, and can use assistance with food shopping, cleaning, minor home repair, or simply companionship. Seniors with very low incomes and physical impairments can often get help with personal care, meaning such activities as bathing, feeding, going to the baththe Medicaid program, a federallysupported, state-run health insurance program. But Medicaid doesn't cover assistance with these other basic activities which are just as intrinsic to life as taking a bath and getting dressed, and it misses thousands of local seniors whose paltry incomes and resources are still too high to allow them to obtain Medicaid coverage. Volunteer programs like the one that set me up with Ms. B attempt to fill some portion of the gap between frail seniors' need for assistance and what can be paid for through government health insurance programs.

In the time I spend with her I try to gently prod Ms. B toward a healthier diet, suggesting more fresh fruits and vegetables, and less of her favored ice cream, cheese, and chicken fried in copious amounts of oil.

ow Patrick, you know I the things I suggest. Why is this important? Because Ms. B has congestive heart failure and hypertension, two significant medical conditions exacerbated by a high-fat diet She has been hospitalized half a dozen times in the two-plus years I've known her, sometimes for up to a month. Better attention to her diet could reduce the likelihood of having to be admitted to the hospital, and could reduce her dependence on medication. But self-determination and independence are hallmarks of the American ethos, so we eat, drink and do what we want, even if its detrimental to our own health, and costs all of us a lot of money in Medicare and Medicaid expenditures. The average person on Medicare has about \$ 6,000 per year in expenditures on medical care. With her frequent hospitalizations, Ms. B's tab likely runs more than \$100,000 a year. All of us pay for Medicare and Medicaid through federal or state payroll taxes. How do we deal with these questions? Can we force someone to live or choose a healthier lifestyle because it costs all of us a lot of money if they don't? What I hadn't realized before I

started with Ms. B was how closely some of the critical social policy dilemmas of our time can be looked at through the prism of one individ ual's experience. I for one am tired of hearing how dry and esoteric the issues are surrounding Social Security, Medicare and Medicaid, and prescription drug costs, among others. These questions are only dull because of the failure of imagination and foresight on the part of the from a commonsense perspective, these health and social programs that we create embody the choices we make as a society about how we'll live as we age. The vast majority of Americans have no understanding of the Federal and state health care and social welfare systems we all pay for will at some point participate in, and frequently, complain about in our ignorance. Did you know that there are 213,000 people older than 65 who live in Philadelphia? That 14.1 percent of Philadelphians are 65 or older, the highest proportion by far among America's largest cities? Did vou know that a \$600 monthly Social Security check is the only thing standing between thousands of these individuals and abject poverty? Do you know that one of every five dollars in the Pennsylvania state budget is spent on the Medicaid program? 20 percent of every dollar you pay in state taxes, and a good portion of your federal taxes, supports these programs of which many know next to nothing. It's time to raise awareness of these turn to VOLUNTEER, page ADV.

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From the slums where light is captured in cinema eternal...

from Los Angeles, page 1 brick. There it is at the foot of the brand-spranking-new Hollywood and Highland center, which was built to reclaim the Oscars from Downtown. Have you seen this place? It's a piece of shit. There's no way around it. Some moron thought it would just be a grand idea to build a mall and model it after the ancient Babylonian set of D.W. Griffith's "Intolerance." It makes Times Square look as old and lovely as the Louvre. Outside, crowds of tourist moms and tourist dads and tourist children moon over the Stars of

The first thing you'll notice about the Powerhouse is that it is drunk-proofed and well-padded. Now, the topic of puffy leather padding on the bars and booths of Los Angeles dives is something I could write a great dissertation about. I am used to bars where, drunk, you fall over on your head and there's trouble, but these joints are built like asylums. The only beer on tap is Natural Light and like most dives the ceilings are cobwebbed with Christmas lights and old tinsel. And the walls are decorated I swear to you with a series of velvet paintings of sad crying clowns. They are ineptly done, and hypnotic, terrifying. It is the kindliest place I have yet found in Los Angeles.

Wrote De Tocqueville, about a Michigan tavern: "We had ourselves taken to the finest inn of Pontiac (for there are two), and we were introduced, as usual, into what is called the bar-room; it's a room where you are given to drink and where the simplest as well as the richest traders of the place come to smoke, drink, and talk politics together, on the footing of the most perfect exterior equality" But these

days perfect equality persists only in shitholes and on a recent weekend night in the Powerhouse I counted among its clientele middle-aged men in cut-off jeans college kids in button downs, bikers and pretty porno-looking girls, young black men drinking cognac, a gay couple talking quietly in a booth, and some dude in track pants and a fluorescent leopard skin cowboy hat. North of Sunset, beware of freaks in funny hats; they always have big ideas, and

The bartenders are jokers, and disapproving dads. Bob has the bald head and wax-curled mustache of a circus strongman. The other night I saw him publicly humiliate some preppy actorly kid who ordered a sea breeze with Malibu rum. "You're orderin' it but I been pourin' it the past 37 years." For the uninitiated the Sea breeze is vodka, grapefruit juice and cranberry juice and it is the drink of a 17 year old girl on spring break and so his humiliation was double. The other bartender, who's name I've never learned, is a huge hulking Texan (I'd guess) who is very violent and easily forgiving. He has a voice I can't quite describe to you: deep and divine as the lowing of cows but also deeply heartbreakingly sinister like a certain kind of country singer. His voice makes me glad he is not an idle conversationalist but I am delighted to hear him speak when he does. They both pour their drinks napalm-strong.

Still, what I like best about the Powerhouse is that one pound equals one pound. There's none of this one-sixth your weight on Earth business. But every night the number of drinks I drink always seem to resolve themselves into a countdown to lift-off (6-5-4-3-2-1) and I go out the door, drunk, and float up

...to the zoos where it is projected for the masses

from SAMERIC, page 1

guess I did. How they'd never bring the house lights up between shows, because God knows what it'd look like. I know there's something to the dirty irony, like in Detroit for instance, you might say "Look at all these beautiful old churches and banks built for the pleasure of arrogant rich people, and now they're littered with tampons and syringes and diet soda bottles" and "Viva la justice" and "Viva la rot." It maybe feels a little vindicating.

In the case of an old movie palace, though, I feel like so much of its original purpose is to give some welcome relief to the regular folk it serves, and any built-in opulence is just a lift to those in attendance, not a class barrier, more like an Abe Lincoln-esque ride on the Classy Express. You buy your admission and spend two hours feeling like high society, under ideal circumstances, or at least you appreciate the spatial richness and get a little extra thrill for being there. The ambience alone-it's dignify-

Whichever side you fall on regarding the Sameric's restoration, you have to agree, under most recent operations, there wasn't much concern for said extra thrill. Not that I didn't get my money's worth at The Exorcist. The moviegoing alone was a thrill-ride, what with all the weird cackling and shuffling in the crowd, and this guy who—seriously—fell asleep about a third of the way through and started snoring and talking nonsense in this creepy, high-pitched voice. Seriously. It was incredible.

I had to admire the Sameric for that, how it channeled the rages and anxieties and exuberances of the city through this ornate, lostglory kinda portal. There were times I sat in there with an audience

> and felt like a member of a conquered race, reliving some of the stronger, better times and then laughing a little bitterly . I don't really mind some public rapport with the screen,

either, honestly-back in my home town the people sit in movies like it's Presbyterian church. Usually they do, of course you shoulda heard them at The Crying Game when that unassuming little dick appeared. Like I was saying, though, I don't mind people talking, it can sometimes create a feeling of commonality with what you're watching and whom you're watching with, which is nice for a shy white hov from out of town, and anyhow if you don't want all the noise you just don't go to the Sameric. Fine.

over there it was to see the Harry Potter matinee with my guy. We were like, "What the hell, let's go see Harry Potter at the Sameric.' This guy, I should add, is one who's got a real heart for movie theaters, and in fact went to the sold-out 50th anniversary screening of Gone With the Wind at the Alabama Theater in Birmingham, which is a movie palace to reckon with, to hear him tell it. Admittedly I've picked up a lot of my sensibilities about movie theater aesthetics from this guy, because honestly sometimes I'm just too effing cerebral to notice

the details Anyhow for David and the Sameric there wasn't any of that "conquered race" fantasy to cloud the issues. Place just looked and smelled offensive. The floor in the auditorium was sticky like flypaper. In finding our seats, the footsteps sounded like "Tsch, tsch, tsch, tsch." A guy in a wheelchair came in. Him finding a seat sounded like "Tschshhhhhhhhhhhhh" We got a chuckle out of that.

So the movie came and went; I took a trip to the bathroom, which had made no notable improvements in cleanliness, but God, that blue! Seems like it was a wonderful red carpet that took you down there. too, the effect was just magnificent. Anyhow, on our way out of the theater, it's early afternoon or so, I took to the wrong side of the concession stand to exit and came up against a velvet rope and the ticket taker. Suddenly, from back in a dark corner this woman, I guess the manager, starts screaming at me that I've gotta go back around the concessions and go out the other way. Literally screaming, and this with



no line outside, not a soul coming in, just the velvet rope and the tick et taker standing there.

So I get all annoyed and bewildered, scowl a little, just step over the stupid rope. Instantly the lady erupts into her litany of "Motherfucking faggot-ass etcetera." Seriously, cussing and snarling like a case study for the Catholics. Now over time I've come to accept the fact that we mother-fucking faggotass etceteras are truly the bane of embittered black women in retail everywhere. This was so sudden and forceful, though, God only Thing is, the last time I went knows what was back in that dark corner with her, gnawing on all that ass. Even so, hell, I was ready to just walk out and let it go when out of the corner of my eye I see David, several paces behind me, wheel around and point his finger at that dark, noisy corner and shout "Fuck you, bitch!!!"

For a moment the world grew very still.

I was out the door completely when I saw the blur of David go past me. I rolled my eyes and started hauling ass after him, eastbound on Chestnut Street. I was too preoccupied with running to turn around at any point-one of those quiet moments where you promise God to quit smoking anything and go to the gym forever Amen-but David tells me there were at least three big black ladies in hot pursuit, and another guy for a while, too. We cut right on 19th, heading for Rittenhouse Square. Behind us they were hollering at us to come back and fight. David did a little dance and told them to come and fucking get us while bystanders shot us sidelong, suspicious glances.

The Sameric mob never did catch up to us, certainly not before we were perched on the stone fence around the park like a couple of naughty little monkeys, safely near a pair of cops. Ordinarily I don't get much but the shakes out of a confrontation, but I'll tell you I think we richly deserved the beers we went for immediately afterward. I'm proud of David for standing up to the dark corner, even if only enough to make it chase us. Because it is a fucking disgrace that the place had to go down the tank like it did, and I'm glad those noxious people lost their jobs, and I'd be glad if the movie house was torn down in the same way I'm glad when a head of penned-up, overfed, shit-encrusted livestock gets the hammer. Let him at least turn into something that tastes good with cheese. Better that than remaining a festering pocket of misery in the sandwich wrap of the universe.

AND THIS NEWSPAPER CONTAINS:

8 & 9: Summer Fiction Spectacular 2: The Opinion & Letters Page

AFTERNOON AT THE BAR: A few gentlemen relax after a hard day's work

11: The Neighborhood Page 4: Paper Tigers LAURA COXSON visits TONY DEMALIS of Nunn Nicer Framers, the first in a

of architectural biographies.

◆ Poetry by MC HYLAND and SARAH SCHECKTER.

12: The Seasoned Supper 5: Sound Advice

▲ DI MAIOR TAYLOR and friends discuss today's hip-hop and r&b.

6: The Page of Power & Politics 13: Sport & Leisure

7: The Society Page

THE SERVICE SE

NEWSBOX NEWS NEW

We like to think of the city's streets as long columns of type, sometimes packed in neat orthogonal rows, sometimes pushing against and spilling over massive, immobile obstacles like rivers that refuse to be dammed. Our business has three parts: First we try to gather up a moment in city and crystallize it into the paper; then Walter from Camden spins the ink along his pillars of newsprint, the color of dirty snow (thanks, Walter); finally we leave our offices by bicycle, automobile, and train to spread the paper back across the city, giving the news back to those same rooms and corners that gave it to us. We break the mirror into ten thousand shards, and leave the shards in buckets, four and a score. Here are the names of those who have donated their time and and art to make the buckets beautiful, and some of the other places where you can see their stuff.

> JIM HOUSER Spector Gallery, 510 Bainbridge

BSON reviews a season of sounds at the Kimme

JESSE GELLER IONATHAN SCHOFF & CARRIE COOK

AARON OSBORN

RYAN BETLEY " Issue 2, page 9

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DAVID KESSLER www.bestfriendrecords.com, www.still-flux.com, pages 4, 5, 8 & 9

HEATHER RODKEY page 14 HAWK KRALL

TIM GOUGH (twice!)

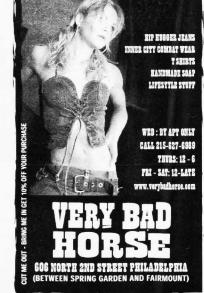
www.hawkrall.com, page 7 BEN WOODWARD

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tuck on the Map is a book of images, about the size of two packs of cigarettes laid side by side. The first page identifies the book as being from "THEE ORIG PUBLISHING CO. PHILA PA," and with no further ado the images begin, 80 pages of them. The cover of the newest issue, number three, is a gray and pink silkscreen of a hulking silhouette that turns out to be a line of rowhouses shrinking into the horizon. The face and street of the houses are a dull gray;

only the line between the pinnacled roofs and the sky is discernible. The cover hints at Stuck's general modus operandi: Taking photographs of commonplace subjects and paring away every superfluous element until they are hardly recognizable as being from our world at all. Most American geographic photography is geared towards armchair tourists, taking someone to a distant, foreign place and making it seem familiar and explainable. Stuck on the Map has a different strategy, mystifying the seemingly minor visual tropes of its hometown into a patchwork atlas of the urban human experience. The pictures seem to propose at a connected transcendence just beneath the surface of everyday Philadelphia, invisible in each part, but palpably obvious when amassed into a whole.

It is tempting but dangerous to summarize the content of Stuck, or even try to boil it down to a few simple themes. Just when certain images are starting to coalesce around, say, professional sports, public transportation, and signage, the next page reveals a plump cartoon bird, his round body like a bright yellow tennis ball, floating in an abstract field of pink

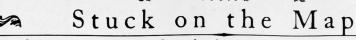
swirling clouds, chirping "What's my mutha fuckin name?" Or a blurry Polaroid of two arms, one holding a machete, the other a split avocado. Or a list of "Seinfeld Aliases," scrawled in Sharpie, names that really have nothing to do with Jerry Seinfeld at all, names like Slippery Pete, Joe Mayo and Franklin Delanor Romanowski. What do all these names stand for? The temptation to decode is irresistible, and ultimately fruit-

Dan Murphy, Stuck's publisher and principal photographer, said he took the book's name from a Capadonna song.

"It's about looking at stuff, appreciating the little things people do to live. You can't really leave earth, you know. It goes from simple beauty stuff to super real stuff and some of it's for no reason at all...it just looks cool. There's so much in Philadelphia that people aren't exposed to. They say they love the city and know the city but they don't really leave downtown. I want to show that everybody's valid. This magazine may look pretty, but it's not just about pret-

ty people." Reading Stuck feels a bit like

struggling with a Rubik's Cube where you can only see one square at a time, with a brand new color popping up every ten squares or so. Even after several tours



Held by two staples, a film about the city, captured in volumes of 80 lo-fi frames

through Issue 2, one is continually struck by images that seem brand new, somehow sneaking their way into an old book that's already been viewed 20 or 30 times. Like a great album, Stuck's true stars seem to hide in the background behind the obvious singles, only to reveal themselves after months and months of repetition. The pictures are photographs for the most part, but more or less all

forms of light and color on paper appear in one form or another; photographs of paintings, clippings from

liner notes, repeating decorative patterns, pen and ink

blurry photographs of television screens pro-Barsanti, associate curator at the jecting out at Rosenbach, told me that the sections themselves were chosen by Dr. Vicki

sequencing is also something to marvel. Near the beginning of Issue 2 is a print of Willem de Kooning's "Door to the River," beside a faded monotone photograph of the Market-Frankford elevated line. It isn't clear which is supposed to be more real than the other. Another striking pair near the beginning of Issue 3: On the left, three nearly illegible graffiti tags jostle on a parking ot wall (KADISM, BUSA[?], GHETTO SUPERSTAR)
beside that infamous sign,
"Vehicles will be towed by LEW BLUM TOWING CO." On the right a dozen prints pennant reading "Jock This" march across

tary on signs, walls, and the



seizure of public space to achieve notoriety? Or just a serendipitous coincidence? "Some of them

obviously make sense together, others kind of relate, some just look cool next to each other, and some of it's just by luck," Murphy said. He was making the first 40 copies of Issue

3 on a warm night in

early summer, taking stacks of each page out of an olive-colored steel box and collating them by hand. Most of the images are printed on a consumer-grade Hewlett-Packard color copier from Staples, and shot with a

German Rollei 531 35mm camera. This simple, reliable equipment could never count the spots on an orchid's stamen, instead capturing the icon within scenes normally taken for granted, and some bold experiments in

"I was just into photography," Mr. Murphy continued, "but I didn't consider myself a photographer. I just liked to take pictures of graffiti,

and if you take enough pictures you start to care about composition, what they look like. The book started when I decided that I wanted to do something on my own terms, so people wouldn't critique it as a photo thing but see it as an item unto itself. I realized I could take a lot of people like myself - people who aren't 'legitimate photographers,' - I could hook them up and put their stuff out there.

"This issue. I'm focusing more on the con tent. I used the photocopier more. You start to find its quirks ...the little lines where you can tell stuff's been cut and pasted. I didn't want the book to look like it wasn't done on a pho

tocopier. I embraced the machine. I knew what the machine could do and I tried to use its limitations to my advantage."

Images courtesy of Stuck on the Map

Reciting Dublin's Odyssey, an ocean away from its home & Homer they triumphed over all. The

A.

YO. GARFIELD

ARE YOU REARY TO

from BLOOMSDAY, page 1

anonymous viewers. The book's Is this some kind of commen-

are either assigned to readers on request, or at a selection meeting held ahead of the event. "If readers express a firm preference for a specific passage," Mr. Barsanti explained, "they will be given it. If not, there is an evening where all readers are invited, and the remaining sections are laid out on a table. Readers can browse the available extracts and choose one to their liking. It is a first-come, first-served basis, and readers who are not able to attend the meeting will have readings assigned to them." Once the selection is made, readers can contact the Rosenbach to discuss the meaning of the passage to be read, and also to confirm the pronunciation of certain names and places. Readers are invited to the event by the museum, and each year a call goes out to local figures of note in the hope that they will attend, and the curators of the museum ensure that the local Irish population is also well represented. Polite notes of decline were received this year from George Mitchell, M. Night Shyamalan, and long-time

abnegation, and equanimity (page Mahaffev from the University of 653 in my tattered 1978 Penguin Pennsylvania four years ago, and they edition) Only once has the weather intervened on Bloomsday and caused a change of venue, and that was in 2001, when rain forced an adjournment to Trinity Memorial Church at nearby 22nd and Spruce. The shift also changed the nature of the reading, Mr. Barsanti notes, making it more "stagey" and showing that the actors and artists were more comfortable in the indoor space. "It made us realize that the event really is a theatrical event," he says, "and so this year we did invite more actors." The Arden Theater Company, currently staging a musical production of Joyce's short story "The Dead," was an obvious place to go for willing Adding to the theatricality, too,

has been the presence of a regular protester at the event, and the case of the mysterious Dr. Bull. A genial dissident has made his way to Bloomsday for several years now. He carries a sign denouncing Joyce as a devil worshiper, basing his accusation on a passage in Richard Ellman's biography of the writer that mentions Joyce holding a Black Mass in Trieste, and using it in the art of

chism style of questions and answers.

More specifically, he enjoys Bloom's

resignation when he retires to bed

with a mixture of envy, jealousy,

seduction. The other side of the protestor's sign extracts choice passages from "Ulysses" containing racial epithets that rank on the flipside of politically correct. Dr. Bull is somewhat more intriguing. Over the course of the past decade, the Rosenbach has received letters from Dr. Bull containing cryptic, odd, but non-threatening messages about Bloomsday, Joyce, and the Rosenbach. Quiet for the past year or so, Dr. Bull has reemerged this year, sending through a fax with an altered version of the Rosenbach's invitation to the event, and containing the message that he would be there on a stretcher to protest Blue Cross/Blue Shield's sponsorship of the event (apparently the good doctor is not aware that they are not sponsors this year, as they have been in the past). Interestingly, of course, the fact that this message came on an invitation from the Museum means that Dr. Bull is on the Rosenbach's mailing list. Not surprisingly, there is no Dr. Bull on that list, so the owner of the

pseudonym remains anonymous. Disappointingly, neither Dr. Bull nor the lone protester made an appearance at this year's event. Happily, many hundreds of other Iovce aficionados and the curious did. The events got underway at noon, the audience of listeners being greeted by a flautist as they took their seats, then being entertained by a

The Rosenbach Manuscript

duet sung by Ed Lawler and Mary Hurlbut of the Bloomsday Musicians. To introduce "Ulysses" Judith Guston, the curator of the Rosenbach, read the first twenty-one lines of Homer's epic in Greek, and then a modern translation of the same. She was followed by Michael Barsanti reading the opening section of Joyce's novel while dressed in a fetching pale lemon dressing gown and sporting a face coated in shaving cream. Bizarre dress for a Sunday afternoon on a leafy Philadelphia street maybe, but perfectly in keeping with the passage he was reading.

Audience members sought the shade on a sunny and warm afternoon, and the trees on the north side of the street offered plenty of it. The listeners filled most of the white chairs set out in an arc around the reading position, and some made themselves comfortable on the stone steps of the houses opposite the museum. Others wandered through the narrow street, promenading much as Joyce and his future wife must have done on the same date in 1904 (though today's couples were probably more casually and comfortably dressed than James and Nora

For seven hours Joyce's words competed with the birds (noisy watchers from the trees), the sounds of traffic from 20th Street, and the occasional low-flying airliner, and

palimpsestic crowd ebbed and flowed through the street and the seats, but it was consistently large and appreciative of the readers. Around 6:20 p.m. as the shade finally claimed the whole street, Drucie McDaniel, a local actress and Professor of Acting at The University of the Arts, stepped up to the podium for her eleventh year of reading from the "Penelope" section of the novel Molly Bloom's famous stream-of consciousness monologue. She held the audience with great skill as she gave Molly's voice a strength, wistfulness, joy, pathos and that final, assertive affirmation of life: "Yes!" With Mary Harlbut's aching and melancholy version of "Just a Song at Twilight," another Bloomsday came to a close, and the crowd mingled, laughed, shook hands, embraced Volunteer helpers Rosenbach began to fold up the white chairs and slip them into black bags for storage, but they'll be out again next year, and the year after that: Bloomsday's centenary. The chairs will continue to come out as long as the Rosenbach stands on DeLancy Place, as long as Joyce's " continues to be read, and as long as Molly Bloom's "Yes!" means something. It's a firm hope that Joyce's art will survive for as long, and as successfully, as Homer's has







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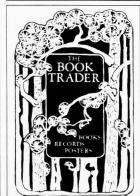
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Boston where, in the midst of a heavily Irish culture, he knew of Joyce and "Ulysses" long before he had a chance to read the book. He was intrigued by the reputation of the book's length and difficulty, and the whole notion that a writer who spent so much of his life in self-imposed exile (chiefly in Paris, Zurich and Trieste) should be so intrinsically associated with the country he once described as "the old sow that eats its farrow." Mr. Barsanti first read the book in high school, and acknowledges that he has read it a modest "more than ten, less than twenty" times since. His fascination with the novel led him to the Rosenbach, where he started working as an intern in 1996, researching materials about Marianne Moore and the visual arts. It was, he says, "a means to get into the Rosenbach, and to hopefully get a chance to work closely with the manuscript." He has been the associate curator at the museum for a year now. One of his duties is to teach classes about Joyce and "Ulvsses." He confesses that the favors the "Ithaca" section of the

book, and finds pleasure in the cate

reader and former mayor, Ed Rendell

(probably because he has something

Michael Barsanti grew up in

more pressing to do this year).

at Rosenbach Museum & Library through August 11 215.732.1600 2008 DeLancey Place The [Ulysses] manuscript is one of the jewels in a crowded crown." -Toby Zinman, Philadelphia City Paper

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That same night, the weird form of a Nightmare was seen going its rounds.



by David Kessler





that seemed to be constrained within the Dunkin Donuts



MONOWOMO MO

BY BERNARD JACOBSON AL

BIND ME TO THE MAST, MEN. I WANT TO LISTEN!

being creative. Right now there are The Sounds of Summer

From the Apollonian arias of the Kimmel to the Dionysiac delights of the Neptunes

n music, as in certain other fields of human endeavor, the size of the apparatus is not as important, some of us like to think, as the way it something to do is used. If it were not so, James MacMillan's Quickening, which had orability. But for its US premiere at Philadelphia his part Maneval, who Orchestra concerts this spring, would have made much more of an impression than Philip Maneval's Migrations, introduced by the director of the Chamber Philadelphia Chamber Music Society three weeks later.

MacMillan's 45-minute piece, has worked self-

commissioned jointly by the British Broadcasting Corporation and the Philadelphia Orchestra, has all the outward marks of a blockbuster: a large orchestra (including a percussion section sporting everything but the kitchen sink), a mixed chorus, the four solo voices of the Hilliard Ensemble center-stage, and a children's chorus located in one of the high galleries behind the orchestra. It was held over after its world premiere in London three years ago so that it could be performed in the flexible spaces of Verizon Hall. The piece did indeed sound spectacular in that venue, which goes from strength to strength as the players become familiar with its characteristics and as the adjustability built into Russell Johnson's acoustical design is brought with increasing sureness into play. Yet, looking back at an obviously

fine performance conducted by Sir Andrew Davis, I find myself unable to recall any of Quickening's actual musical material. The irony was that I left the hall happily humming Britten's Spring Symphony to myself. Britten uses similarly extravagant forces, including a children's chorus, but unlike MacMillan he gives them something memorable to play and sing. Outshone even at the time by the profundity and mystical rapture of Vaughan Williams's Fifth Symphony before intermission, Quickening has by now disappeared from my memory, whereas Maneval's cycle of 30 instrumental poems, scored for nothing more exotic than a solo piano, remain stubbornly and vividly in mind. The sheer brilliance of Ignat Solzhenitsyn's performance - he was joined by violinist Ida Levin and cellist Peter Stumpf in equally superb readings of trios by Hayden and Brahms - doubtless had

Salty Dirges

M.

illustrated documentary



Two informal portraits of THE INDEPENDENT'S music critics. Above, Bernard Jacobson. At right, Ralph Darden with his cat, Tomika.

while maintaining continuity and cohesion in a language of discreetly extended tonality that is at once challenging and attractive to the ear. In doing so, he offers far greater satisfaction, and communicates more of artistic and human significance, than *Quickening*, with its trumpery setting of Michael spaces), and, in a neat take-off of the Symmons Roberts's pretentiously artsy maunderings about Birth and York's Lincoln Center, the Philadelphia Orchestra gave us "Absolutely Mozart 2002" in Verizon Life and Resurrection, the Whole Bit.

executive

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Other notable firsts have included the world premiere (brilliantly played Lambert Orkis) of Richard Wernick's Piano Sonata No. 2-a work of astounding individuality, accomplishing something like the re-invention of the piano-and the no less skillful local premiere of Penderecki's Piano Concerto, the Polish composer's most impressive work in some years, commissioned by Carnegie Hall for Emanuel Ax and the Philadelphia Orchestra. In one of three world premieres undertaken by Curtis Institute director Gary Graffman this year, the pianist joined Ignat Solzhenitsyn and Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia in another fine new piece, an inventive and beguilingly beautiful Piano Concerto for the Left Hand by the young Puerto-Ricanborn Philadelphia composer Luis



the Kimmel Center saluted summer BY RALPH "MAJOR TAYLOR" with a raft of entertainments planned DARDEN, MIKE "LOW BUDGET" by new programming director Marvon Mehta (including an all-night solstice McGuire, & A.J. Ford ~ celebration attended by 3,000 people, who had a great time taking in a wide variety of events in all the Center's

♦ he future of popular music is not decided in Carson Daly's not decided in Carson Daly's Hummer, Jann Wenner's walk-in humidor, or P-Diddy's per-"Mostly Mozart" festival at New sonal money bin. It is decided in an apartment in Philadelphia, just off of Front Street. Here, Major Taylor holds his monthly seminar of disk Hall on the evenings of June 27, 28, and 29. Conductor Peter Oundjian jockey colleagues. En masse, this cabal decides what singles shall be played, fully justified advance reports of his exceptional talent. A hand injury

Imagine that! I never heard this production before! Wait, Wait... what the hell was that? Was that a It's bullshit. song? That was more like a travesty. When become the king of the galaxy, and I reto things, the Neptunes are vetoed. They are no longer allowed to produce anything ever again unless they come up with omething new. Mike: I think

you're arguing against the sound of the times. It's like Motown. Everything sounded the same then but it was just the sound of the times w people love it.

Ralph: But Motown didn't sound the same. Not like this. Mike: Yeah it did.

Yeah it did, yeah it did. The song and the structure and things--it was a formula. And the Neptunes definitely got their formula down. Ralph: Motown was played with instruments. That lends itself to imperfections that make the music distinctly human. This shit is no

"MOTOWN WAS PLAYED WITH INSTRUMENTS. THAT LENDS ITSELF TO IMPERFECTIONS THAT MAKE THE MUSIC DISTINCTLY HUMAN. THIS SHIT IS NOT HUMAN."

and which shall be melted down and sold for their invaluable petroleum. On a yellow legal pad, in red crayon, Major Taylor sets down the playlist for a city, and a nation. He was generous enough to allow us to sit in on matically equipped for. How about a last month's roundtable. Here's what

> NELLY, NELLYVILLE "HOT IN HERRE"

> > Produced by the Neptunes

been made by machines since the

Mike: But it's hip-hop man, it's

Ralph: No it wasn't. Rapper's Delight was played with a band. Ya'll young bucks don't care. You young scrappy. At any rate, the point is, the song is indicative of bullshit on the radio that's being produced nowadays. It's like supermarket music. It's elevator rap. It's a commodity. It's not music. It has nothing to do with

ing this CD, something's wrong with this - NEAL RAMIREZ

local music scene. For jukebox lovers, track

seven features the entire 17-minute EP on one track. If McGlinchey's isn't already rock-

LINER NOTES

PENNSYLVANIA MUZZLE LOADER

Pennsylvania Muzzle Loader

HOT DOG CITY RECORDS

TULLYCRAFT, Beat Surf Fun MAGIC MARKER RECORDS

After a long hiatus, or what I like to call an unbearable eternity, Tullycraft are back to mixing up wormy keyboards, lackadaisical guitar work, danceable Ben Vereen beats, and of course, Sean Tollefson's rascally muppet vocals. And may I add, you would have to be

an uptight square not to love their new full length, Beat Surf Fun.

Top-notch songs like "Twee", "Wild Bikini", and "Knockout" are similar to kittens wearing over-sized sunglasses, in that they're likely to produce smiles.

And the track "Orange Cake Mix", good eavens. If you thought the Jay-Z/Nas feud has energized a pudgy rap game, wait until you hear the pointed dis Tollefson's squad drops on fellow indie-rockers Orange Cake Mix. Their rhythms are weak, and you can't sing along/ Does the world really need another Orange Cake Mix song? / I don't think so" Yikes! The shit is about to get thicker than eggnog. Lets just hope this gripe stays on wax! (I suggest you cop this record and a beach ball.)

WILCO, Yankee Hotel Foxtrot

NONESUCH RECORDS

Wilco is ambiguously labeled as an Alt-Country band, but their newest release borrows as much from rock classics as from Vocalist Jeff Tweedy's lyrics are vague surprisingly introspective, and the band tuneful acoustic sensibility gives the sense immediate intimacy even on the most distanced of tracks. On the pensive "Radi Cure," Tweedy suddenly transforms th ong's plodding rhythm with a weary but jo ous refrain of "Distance has a way of makin love understandable." Despite the prevale tone of melancholy I can't help but be let breathless as Tweedy's beleauguered narrator sees triumph, or at least closure, in moments like these. Add to that a handful of upbear anes, including the spectacularly roots strummer "I'm The Man Who Loves You and Wilco has succeeded in making a recor that combines arresting production tech niques with a style of narration and perform ance that is both effecting and catchy.

— PETER MARINARI

THE META-MATICS, Complete Discography
Troubleman Unlimited
"That's not dancing, that's football prac-

tice!" Such were the words of a slight Scott Wieland lookalike whose band, The Meta-Wieland lookalike whose band, The Mefa-Maties, received the covered honor of open-ing up for Fugazi. Insulted and anxious for the headliner, the sellout crowd at the Trocadero unleashed a slew of unflattering epithets at the noise of trumpets, hunch-backed guitar playing, and disjointed drums on stage. Five years after their breakup, I still don't know if the Meta-Matics were talentless goons or brilliant, undisciplined mi malists. But I do know that their LP ha ventured far from my regular rotation in the years since its debut.

- RICHARD CHARLES Photos courtesy Bernard Jacobsen & Ralph Darden

Ralph: Exactly But ya know what? It's not

only eight producers on the radio.

Mike: Yeah, that's scary... the worst of them. Ralph: You're right. It's not the Ralph: Not only that, but the fact that these eight producers are making like five beats that they have a formuworst of them. But it epitomizes everything that I hate about what's going on the radio right now. The blues is four chords, but what differla for and they're like "it works" and they just keep doing that over and over again. Eight producers producing the same ten rappers rhyming about the same ten things. Now this entiates it is the soul and the presentation of those four chords. And to me, it seems like everyone is present song, the chorus: "It's getting hot in here, time to take off all your clothes." ing everything in the same fucking

THE ROOTS, WHITE LABEL "THOUGHT AT WORK"

SHOWS SHOWS

Mike: Overall, I think it's pretty good. The hook is a little nyaaahhh... Ralph: Nyah? More like ble-uuch. I wanna say that the Roots, as a group- always gonna have my

turn to TAYLOR, page 12





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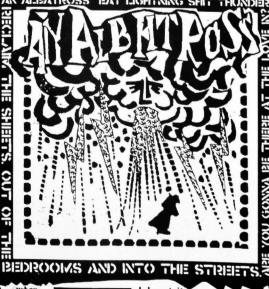
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The Twain Have Met

Trumpeter Dave Douglas flirts with Bjork, Mary J., and just might reunite jazz and pop in the process

BY NATHANIEL FRIEDMAN

notwithstanding, simultaneous releases are rarely smart usiness. Yet for a musician as prolific as trumpeter Dave Douglasprior to inking an exclusive deal with RCA-Bluebird, seemingly recorded for every independent jazz label of note—it often made for intriguing juxtapositions, treating audiences to a cross-section of his ever-evolving musical mind. While Douglas' current contract allows him to document himself at a frantic pace without worrying about market saturation, there was something to be said for his release-a-month grind.

Quite accidentally, the magic returned this past month. Almost a year after the fact, Canadian label ods of Miles' work. But I think that's ine got around to nutting out Four in One, a session under the leadership of Dutch pianist Misha Mengelberg; The Infinite, which features a Douglas quintet formed to, as he puts it "address a lot of my old addictions head-on" followed soon thereafter. The influence of Miles 1950s relationship with pop and his

se Your Illusion I & II Davis looms large, most colorfully in the presence of Uri Caine's splashing electric piano (the signature instrument of In A Silent Way, Davis' jazzrock breakthrough) and Douglas' decision to cover tunes by Bjork, Mary J. Blige, and Rufus Wainright (recalling Miles' fruitful relationship with the pop tunes of the 1950s, especially those favored by Frank Sinatra). Douglas, however, compares The Infinite to a rather unlikely

forced local favorite Pamela Frank to

cancel her solo appearances at these

concerts, but they still represented her

planning as guest artistic director. Rumor has it that the Mozart exercise

will be repeated next year with

Emanuel Ax at the helm. This is just

the kind of thing that the new facilities

of the Kimmel Center offer a chance

to present in the summer, which is not

a time the Academy of Music is cli-

reading session some time of works by

young composers, so that the great and

established old may be complemented

by an exploration of the promising and

turn to JACOBSON, page 7

as yet unexplored new?

epoch of Miles. "Some people hear the 'lost quintet' [a touring group that treated the fusion of jazz and rock as a confrontation] in it, which is fine with me. And there are elements of the arranging that speak to earlier peria surface listening. To me, covering [Bjork's] "Unison" had more to do with what was happening in his music in the eighties and early nineties, which I think was also certainly worthwhile."

The distinction between Miles

approach to it in his later yearswhen he introduced Michael Jackson's "Human Nature" and Cyndi Lauper's "Time After Time" as concert staples—is hardly trivial. When Miles had his way with "I Thought About You" or "My Funny Valentine," pop was more amenable to jazz, jazz itself more of an ingredient in the language of pop. Davis often cited Sinatra and the Jeri Southern as inspirations for his haunted, shaded renderings; in this case, inspiration was just a hair shy of direct influence. Even the first stir-

rings of fusion, represented here by the references to the "lost quintet," can claim a direct connection to the world of pop. With rock and funk growing ever more sophisticatedand, in examples ranging from The Byrds' "Eight Miles High" to the Allman Brothers' Live at the Fillmore East, openly aspiring to jazz's textures and structures-it seems only natural that jazz musicians like Miles would allow them to return the favor. By the end of his career, the rela-

turn to DOUGLAS, page 12

The "Best Band in Philadelphia"

Dysrhythmia, the latest candidate for the title

BY DAN GROSS

rhythmia is the medical terminology for an irregular heartbeat. It's also a perfect description of the Philadelphia band's position in the local music scene. They're the best band in Philadelphia; but with no emphasis, or effort placed on being, looking or acting cool, the trio

is the best band in the city that most people have yet to hear. Dysrhythmia will play anytime, anywhere and often in basement shows at of the house that bassist Clayton Ingerson and guitarist Kevin Hufnagel share.

In the simplest, terms and most ovenient definitions, Dysrhythmia

> could be described as instrumental prog rock, but there is nothing simple about the sounds that these three music school graduates create. In addition, the term progressive elicits mixed emotions within the band. "Progressive is a dirty word and no one wants to use it because people think of all this selfindulgent stuff from the 1970s, says Hufnagel. To me bands like Black Flag or Fugazi are progressive because they continued to change and refused to make the same record over and over again,"

After self-releasing two full length CDs, and recording a split 10" with another crazy insane trio, Thoughtstreams (Rice Control), the band has signed Relapse Records. with

continued n0says Ingerson.

Dysrhythmia don't really fit with

MY PLACE IS A FUCKING MESS ay 1. March 25, 2002

 ∞

turn to BAND, page 7

prise that the fairer sex still tends to shy away ing with then Vice President Al Gore. She met from the public life. Indeed, women's involvement in politics here in our home state of Pennsylvania ranks a pathetic 48 out of the 50 states. Despite this fact, I, star reporter Susan Davis, a young woman myself, had no trouble finding several team players in this game of elephants versus donkeys, and not one of them has even the slightest mention of lewd or lascivious behavior associated with their names.



Michele Singer

Michele Singer, a fundraiser for the Ed Rendell for Governor campaign actually moved to the area to be a part of the political scene. A 26 year-old Pittsburgh native, she told me her interest in politics started at home: "My mother was always on state committees, my father was always on the school board," she mused during a recent chat at the campaign office. After graduating with a degree in political science, she got a White House internship, travel-

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BUSTING UP THE BOYS' CLUB are nothing but sexual distractions for the real players, older men. Phila. women seize political field class background and a woman of color, she was shocked to move to the HILLARY, MONICA, LAURA: DINOSAURS

BY SUSAN V. DAVIS

Rendell at the Democratic National Convention in Washington D.C. in 2000, and

joined his race for governor, where she has been instrumental in organizing Centre County and mobilizing the vote in Pittsburgh. Having conquered the rest of the state, she set her sights on Philadelphia. She has been living in the Chinatown neighborhood for a little over a

Diane Fornbacher is perhaps one of the best known political activists in the city. She is the executive director of the Tri-State Drug Policy Forum, which strives to be the "foremost regional resource for education and action to resolve the conflicts caused by the war on drugs." This slender, petite brunette first got involved in the drug policy reform movement while attending Penn State University, Altoona campus in 1996. After transferring to the main campus in State College, she got a job with a Knight-Ridder newspaper, writing a drug-education column and was soon fired for her frank observations and exposures of atrocities of the war on drugs. When most of the staff quit at that time in protest, some of them joined Diane in starting a new paper. She also started an ongoing association with Dr. Julian Heicklen, working to prepare press releases and organizing anti-drug protests. Ms. Fornbacher is a member of several political organizations, including the Pennsylvania Chapter of the National Organization for the Reformation of Marijuana Laws, and the November Coalition, where she holds the position of regional coordinator. She was also the honored opening speaker at the Libertarian Party of Pennsylvania State Convention in 2001.

Being politically active can take many forms. Tia Rome, a 21 year-old senior at Temple University believes that even the smallest steps can make a large difference in the political spectrum. Growing up in South Jersey, she read a fot and worried about the "McDonaldization" of the world, but

THE

believed what the mianstream media portrayed, that apathy was the norm As a college student from a middle class background and a woman of 'Templetown' area of the city and see what was once an affluent black neighborhood ravaged by drugs and

poverty. She didn't feel that she could simply forget the many women before her who had to struggle to gain the privilege and free time she was now enjoying. This was also the time she found a burgeoning radical community eager, as she is, for change. Tia worked for several years with the International Concerned Family and Friends of Mumia Abu-Jamal and Students and Youth to Stop the Execution of Mumia Abu-Jamal, a moratorium to stop the death penalty. She currently is a



Diane Fornbacher

member of the Wooden Shoe collective, a volunteer for the Lost Film Festival, as well as an organizer the Vegan Homecoming, a benefit for the Animal Defense League of New Jersey and Philadelphia. She is also a member of the Philadelphia Anti-Racist Action, fighting the Nazi resurgence in South Jersey and West Philadelphia. Tia told me her goal is to start a community program for young black girls, to teach them life skills and explaining options beyond what they may have been taught. I have no doubt that she will achieve this and many other great things.

Despite the fact that they make up 4% less the federal workforce than men, we have found that women, especially young women, have a great interest in the government. And despite the Clintons and the Condits on the scene, young girls can have a positive impact on both the world of politics and the politics of the world. What's the secret to political success? Michele Singer told me what she thinks got her where she is today: "I was lucky," she said, "and persistent. You have to be persistent in anything you do." vis if a talt of pr

KING

Hohns to stay in the game: I say we won 42 to 58!

from HOHNS, page 1

underestimated Andrew Hohns. While the electoral law would disagree,

Hohns declared with a raised fist at his campaign party that May night "I say we won 42 to 58!"

A few short weeks evidently did much to console Hohns, as his election night hopes of usurpation have been abandoned for a more pragmatic, patient approach. He set his beer on the table, erected his posture, and firmly promised, "I intend to seek this office again."

Just as firm as this promise was the electionnight support of friends and family, among which was a conspicuous gaggle of males in yellow shirts bearing Andrew's likeness and a number of Grays Ferry residents, also predominantly male. The two groups mingled and converged around the downbut-not-out Hohns. They offered an energy, which acted like an elixir to revive the spirits of the would-be State Rep, who quickly straightened his drooping neck to swallow his bitter droplet of defeat

Our informal tête a tête, in an intimate booth over fine German fare at Ludwig's Tavern a few weeks after Hohns' defeat, is the perfect, or perhaps most pleasingly imperfect, forum to lay out his vision for the future -- a vision rich with nanotechnology, internet telephones, and spaceship components. Hohns' tie, once tightened securely around his neck, now hangs loosely and haphazardly on his chest. A long day of work at Cohen Bros. and Co. investment bank has left him looking understandably drained physically, but still ready to lay out his vision for Philadelphia.

Hohns is not one to dwell upon defeat Instead, weeks later at the tavern, he dwells on another far graver loss -- the loss of people. He cites the "endemic population loss," the "hyperdepopulation," of this once populous city. Hohns blames the exodus on one of the usual suspects -the wage tax.

"We lost all these people because of the tax system," he says sadly, shaking his head and staring off into the middle distance. "It's so fucked

The solution to what ails the city is by no neans an easy one.

"It's not as if there's one problem. There is a omplex, complicated system of problems which equires a comprehensive solution.

Hohns' solution includes an amalgamation of factories involved in the manufacture of spaceship components, superfabrics, products for controlling pollution, and technologies both bio- and nano-The plan to lure these developing industries to Philadelphia somehow parallels a funny thing that happened to Napoleon Bonaparte. One day, the general told his lieutenant, "It seems to me that the soldiers of France should be able to march into Paris in victory under great oak trees." The lieutenant objected, "That will take 30 years!" Napoleon, levelheaded and looking forward replied, "Start planting."

Hohns, seeing a lack of Napoleonic determi nation in Philadelphia's current leadership, maintains that "our leaders [are] busy debating who amongst them is better suited to manage our decline" while they should be "planning for growth." He indicts the city's leaders for transforming the founding fathers' old stomping ground into "a realm that is in every way diminished in size, scope, and influence."

Countering this bold charge, Babette Josephs, the reigning state representative of the 182nd District, asserted Philadelphia's leaders are in fact busy at work voicing the concerns of "people who have been neglected," a group which includes "people in poverty, folks looking for jobs, students, families, and folks who run small businesses."

Furthermore, the nine-term legislator cited Hohns' lack of a record of achievement, finding "no reason why anyone should consider him for a minute "

But at least 4,765 people did in fact consider the upstart; a formidable 43 percent of the voters in the District voted for the young Center City native. His greatest showing was in Grays Ferry, a neighborhood Hohns characterizes as "the forgotten land."

"There is no neighborhood in the City that votes democrat like Grays Ferry votes democrat, but at the same time there is no place that has been more neglected by our City's leadership in the past 50 years," says Hohns, whose strong support in this neighborhood seems largely the result of meeting its residents on multiple occasions and listening to their concerns, especially those about the Section 8 low-income housing subsidy pro-

As the primary results were coming in on May 21, several Grays Ferry Hohns supporters outlined the blight caused by the Section 8 program. They explained that Section 8 residents, lacking a vested financial interest in their homes, often fail to keep up the neighborhood.

To address this issue, Hohns proposes "hous ing seminars to promote responsible home maintenance amongst Section 8 residents. Many Section 8 tenants are regrettably unfamiliar with the ins and outs of keeping a home."

The tireless campaigner visited the homes of the 182nd. He boasts having "knocked on every door a half a dozen times." The grueling pace and rigorous desire to meet and court each and every voter in the district arises at least in part from Hohns' long and deep connection to the city. "I grew up in this neighborhood. I went to school in this neighborhood. I had my Bar Mitzvah in this neighborhood." Gazing out the window, grinning, I had my first kiss in this neighborhood."

Gradually, Hohns reveals his blueprint for the city's future, quoting liberally from the funeral oration of Pericles along the way. He insists that Philadelphia, home of the modern Athenians, should praise our grandfathers for founding the city and our fathers for enlarging it. And we are in

turn burdened (or blessed) with a deep respon-COMEYROOL sibility to our

tance, responsibility which we are to satisfy, he explains while stroking his beer glass, by becoming "a pattern to New York [and other cities], rather than they to us."

Consistent with this passion for Philadelphia is another of Hohns' projects. Not content simply to spread himself all over the city, he's in the preliminary stages of bringing part of the city into his living room. "I'm working on building a scale model of Fairmount Park. It'll be great."

Indeed, Hohns may be looking forward to the day when the entire city serves as his living room. He is blessed with a rare combination of passion for his city, boundless optimism, safe liberal principles, and access to money. How could anyone question his destiny to rule?

from THOMSON, page 1

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underrepresented minorities. Tom Thomson, A.J.'s father, was a Fishtown cop and Police Athletic League officer, and A.J. was the first in his family to graduate college. Thomson hails from the second-poorest zip code in the state. He has no political connections or famous family name; A.J.'s largest contributors were his campaign manager, Dan Slickman, and Slickman's wife, Eleanor, who gave \$1,000 each

While short on party-stamped accolades, he is bursting with ideas on how to improve the 175th district, which meanders its way down the Delaware, jutting outward irregularly to cover neighborhoods as disparate as Fishtown, Society Hill, and Northern pockets of stagnation, waterfront eco nomic bustle, nightclubs, and outright

urban blight. An open-air, unfenced toxic site sits across the street from the Alexander Adaire School, blocks from Thomson's home, while at 2nd and Pine, young professionals take twilight strolls to burn off their Cosi salads. Tom Thomson's modest, well-kept home is in the district. The block where A.J. parks his painted van, two streets away, is not.

Later, I learn that Thomson, a recent Temple

I got off the train at 14th Street,

Only, it was late, everything

toilet on the way to Tribeca.

Wound up pissing myself.

This is what it must be like

to grow old: the body

erupts at awkward moments,

the feet are too slow.

the heart breaks at the futility

who pray for New York City

who want to live forever,

and never take a piss.

on Broadway at 2 a.m.,

of it all-- urine-stained

helpless, hapless as the bums

to spare them some sleep;

the glamor-gagged young,

but New York loves the speed-freaked,

expect to get what they want,

bladder ravenous for relief.

closed, I couldn't find a good

though that night at the Starboardside, all know that he's grabbed between 20

(215) 633-9812

and 30 percent. Almost every person, with the exception of A.J. himself, is clad in an oversized white or gray campaign shirt, trading campaign stories and expressing a good-natured, shared frustration. He's pacing in and out of the bar, making and receiving a string of frantic cell phone calls. When it becomes clear that he has lost, he tries to call for attention. His campaign manager (and family friend) Dan Slickman, interrupts.

It's clear he wanted to win. Liberties, and going as far south as MAYBE HE HADN'T MEANT TO BELIEVE THAT IT WAS Tasker Avenue. It is a district marked by POSSIBLE, BUT HE COULDN'T HELP HOPING. POSSIBLE, BUT HE COULDN'T HELP HOPING.

> "Here's the deal here. This is how it works. Yo! Shut up for a minute! Win or lose, this is how it works. Tomorrow is the first day of A.J.'s next

When Slickman steps aside, Thomson is direct and matter-of-fact, speaking quickly and passionately. The sentences seem to fall out of his outh and land, fully-formed, in the minds of his listeners. He is far from slick and markedly unpol-Law grad, received 1,770 votes, compared to ished, but he's compelling. I have never seen such

a young man speak with so much authority and conviction. It is the kind of truth that is not wrangled out of enlightenment, but embarrassingly obvious. He speaks to neighborhood people about their neighborhood, about their dreams for it, and his goals. He calls some by name, pointing to and remarking on their contribution or need. He sounds just a little bit pissed off, in that way you do when expected disappointment comes to pass. It's clear he wanted to win. Maybe he hadn't meant to believe that it was possible. but he couldn't help hoping.

LORD HELMET SURVEYS HIS PLAYGROUND REALM

While in law school, instead of finding a legal internship, Thomson opted for a gig as a civil servant. Through the city recreation department, he ran a South Kensington playground at the inter section of Hancock and Master. When we visited the playground, he told me about the baseball field that he and others built themselves. "We did it in the summertime, April on. We came and cut it out during the day, laid the dirt. The city maintained it, but we had to build it our selves. The kids like the fence because they can hit the ball over it."



trict's infrastructure. he namedrops easily and wanders from anecdote to anecdote.

Sometimes A.J. can't tell you how he does it. He just does it. At the playground, A.J. coordinated sports

programs, fixed up equipment, hung out with the kids, and served as an all-around mentor to them. He as kind of like an after-school counselor. And under

his direction, programs blossomed. The baseball team made it to the city play-offs for the first time in twenty years, and he earned a reputation with the people of the district. "Walk from Northern Liberties to North Cumberland," he challenges me with pride, "and any kid knows who I am

During the afternoon I spend with A.J., at least six boys ask for his autograph - outside a local school, at the recreation center, at the Fishtown Free Library branch. They call him Lord Helmet, in honor of his helmet hairstyle. And apparently the news that A.J. lost the elections still hasn't made it to some of these Fishtown kids. Student Anthony Frazer confides that "A.J. is a really, really, really good State Representative and deserves it a lot." A group of girls and boys has gotten it into their heads that A.J. is going to build them a skate park - something he never suggested - but when they leave, he turns to me and says, laughing, "I guess I have to build a skate park now."

While Thomson has worked extensively coaching a lot of neighborhood kids, he's also planned and executed a number of highly successful academic programs. One, which he continued to run during the campaign, took children on trips to the zoo, the Franklin Institute, Independence Hall, the movies - and met at the recreation center to do tie-in activities in an effort to expose them to knowledge they won't learn in school. What began with 10 kids, A.J. says, grew to 30 or



defeat at the Starboardside.

35 participants. As he points out,

OF FISHTOWN

"They're voters omeday. If they could have voted, I wouldn't have had a problem."

In March, he planned and executed event dubbed "Scholastic March Madness," an interschool academic tournament. Twelve students were selected from each school, and others came to cheer and fill out NCAAstyle tournament cards. Families attended, free food was served, and when all was said and done, 400 people participated. Yet there was no mention of the event in local papers, despite the fact that it was organized entirely by neighborhood people with no government

support. "When's the last

time you had 400 people show up at a communi ty event that was organized by the community? That involved kids and academics?" Thomson asks, frustrated that what could have sparked other extracurricular projects was denied public

It's easy to understand why kids respond to A.J. - around them, he's relaxed and casual. He makes eye contact with them. He calls many by name, joking easily about their older siblings and inquiring after the eighth-graders, who are on a class field trip. Those he doesn't know crowd around him, following their friends, asking if he won. Sarcastic, rowdy adolescent boys yell from across the street, and he responds like a popular teacher being pestered during his free period. I am introduced, but no one is impressed by my tape recorder. They were hoping for a television cam-

When his campaign was launched, A.J. tried to transfer this same personal connection to the district's voters. With little money and less institutional support, mass mailings, commercial radio and television spots, and even print advertising were all out of the question. Indeed, the meager \$7,200 total raised for the race - versus Lederer's formidable \$64,000 - barely bought him posters, \$1 each, 500 of which were torn down during the course of the race. Without paid staffers, Thomson and his friends, fiancée, and family

A.J. Thomson photographs by Benjamin Tiven. Drawing by Jim Comey.

knocked on every door in the district. Phone calls were kept to an absolute minimum - a few friends

Fishtown, local parishioners, some of the wealthier high-rises that prohibit personal house calls. Believing that solicitations on his behalf made by others would insult voters, A.J. insisted on placing all of them himself.

On election day, that extra effort paid off Chris Rodgers, who manned the polls at 6th and Carpenter, asserted that people recognized him from all over town. One woman knew him as the guy who helped jump her truck the other day; neone else saw the guy who shook her hand

and asked for her opinions. Before A.J. signs a round of autographs outside the local grade school, a blonde woman stops him to talk for ten minutes about the state of the neighborhood. Chatting in a friendly, familiar way, she rolls her eyes at the older residents who opted to play it safe with mediocrity. Shaking her head and gesturing expressively, she confesses that

she's only lived in Fishtown for eight years. But she's sure that things need to be woken up. Maybe next time, she says, and then leaves us to pick up her son. When she disappears into the parking lot, I ask A.J. her name.
"I have no idea," he responds brusquely. "She's

just some woman from the neighborhood. I talked to her once." And she remembered to be impressed enough to vote. On her way back, she hands A.J. a granola bar. "That's my lunch tomor-

SKEPTICAL EDITORS & PRESIDENTIAL PORTRAITS: FUEL FOR THE MACHINE

Half of these neighborhoods are forgotten, or are on the verge of being so. The people around here have no voice to their representation. So I helped start a neighborhood association in my neighborhood, but more than just Fishtown needs that. Lots of neighborhoods all through the district do. They need representation from some-

turn to THOMSON, page 7

Moonstone Readings

At Robin's Bookstore, 108 S. 13th Street, Philadelphia

Sunday August 4, 3PM – Discussion The Philadelphia Social Forum Presents

A Discussion on Arms Control & International

Law with Thomas Graham Jr. and Craig Eisendrath Thomas Graham Jr. played a role in the Thomas Graham Jr. played a role in the negotiation of every major international arms control and non-proliferation agreement signed by the United States during the past thirty years. His Disamment Sketches: Three Decades of Arms Control and International Law, \$35.00, University of Washington Press) is a personal account of bureaucratic battles over arms control in six administrations.

Press)is a personal account of bureaucratic battles over arms control in six administrations. Ambassador Thomas Graham Jr is president of the Lawyers Alliance for World Security, based in Washington, D.C.
Craig Elsendrath has been part of the team, including Rep. Dennis Kucinich and 30 other members of Congress, which has sued the President for his unilateral withdrawal from the Anti-Ballistic Missile Treaty. He is a senior fellow at the Center for International Policy and a former foreign service officer. He is the editor of National Insecurity. U.S. Intelligence After the Cold War and co-author of The Phantom Defense. America's Pursuit of the Star Wars Illusion.

uesday August 6, 7PM - Fiction
aren Miller author of I'm Telling (\$21.00,\$\&\$\) (50 m Telling puts the reader on notice that musdeeds,
etrayals, and lies are but a blab away and have the
monetal lives unside down. Karen E.

Wednesday August 7, 7PM - Fiction
Toure author of The Portable Promised Land: Stories
(523.95, Little Brown)
Toure is a contributing editor at Rolling stone. His
fiction has appeared in The Source, Callalco, and

Short Story Contest, and his essays have be New Yorker, the New York Times, the New Y Best American Essays of 1999 and Best American

ports Writing 2001. He lives in Fort Greene, Brooklyn His novel, Soul City, will arrive soon

Tuesday August 13, 7PM – Poetry Kimmika Williams, An Eternal Now Poetry Event

Followed by an Open Reading Wednesday August 14, 7PM - Poetry Wednesday August 14, 7131 -Hannah Sassaman, An Eternal Followed by an Open Reading

Thursday August 22, 7PM – Fiction
Dorothy Goins author of Married Man (\$13.95)
Dorothy Goins, is a native of North Philadelphia, she self-published a poetry book, Woman 1 Know, and Xpressit published first novel, Married Man, Exposing her talent through open mic performances in Apressit published first novel, Married Man. Exposing her talent through open mic performances in venues throughout the Philadelphia area, Goins established herself as a poet. She studied journalism at Temple University and psychology at Queens College in Charlotte North Carolina.

aday August 26, 7PM - Poetry we Steel, Presented by Poets & Prophets

Wednesday August 28, 7PM - Poetr

Tuesday August 27, 7PM - Poetry Ron Swegman & Johnny Buckley, An Eternal Now Poetry Event, Followed by an Open Reading

Wednesday August 28, 7PM - Fiction

Shawn Simmons & Sean Berk, An Eternal Now Poetry Event Followed by an Open Reading

Sunday September 8, 3PM - Discussion
Philadelphia Social Forum presents a showing of the
video Another World Is Possible, Impressions of the
2002 World Social Forum, with Philadelphians who
were there. Followed by discussion of how local
progressive organizations can support each other and the
formation of a central website to publicize all of us.

Another World Is Possible!







- ADAM FIELED

from THOMSON, page 6

one other than Vince Fumo, who controls this entire area."

Fumo, State Senator since 1978, controls more than just Thomson's district, but operates a vast political machine that runs much of the Pennsylvania Democratic Party. He is one senator with whom Lederer credited her success. She also named the unions, her colleagues

named the unions, her colleagues Representatives William Keller and Michael McGeehan, and the committee-people of the district wards with their assistance. Claiming, "Money doesn't win it. It takes a lot more than money to win an election. It takes a record," Lederer nonetheless conceded that she spent eight times as much as Thomson to hold onto her seat. Fumo donated \$15,000 to the Lederer's campaign — more than twice what A.J. raised during the entire race.

Lederer's party is one that has done little for the 175th district, where stagnation threatens to drag Girard Avenue under. Thomson and Slickman launch into a tirade about the unsightly height of the medians, which make the street look worse, and which, they argue, no one wants. Looking at the interminable line of desperate storefronts and barricaded windows, it's not hard to imagine a time when Girard was a thriving, small-town shopping area, or to picture a future in which it could be. But for

now it lies in a rut of dangerous neglect.

Neighborhoods like Fishtown exist on that fine edge between survival and slipping under. Thomson believes that with proper direction, they could attract college students and young families, but that left alone, they will degenerate into ghettoes where instituting change will be even more difficult, if not impossible.

"I make no bones about it. I think that Fumo and the party have neglected this area, and one of the reasons I ran was

to wake people up."

With ideas like the Landlord Responsibility Act – where resident committees would rate how well landlords take care of their properties – Thomson hoped to revitalize the

district. His plan was to hold the owners responsible, not the renters. Since tenants are transient, and therefore not accountable to the future of the neighborhood, it would become the landlord's burden to get rid of problem tenants and seek out those who would treat the area with care.

Shut out of local press coverage until he coughed up advertising cash, Thomson's low-budget campaign suffered from a media black-out. The *Philadelphia City Paper* and *Philadelphia Weekly* both ignored the race, and he earned only the standard mention in the *Inquirer's* voter guide. Although he eventually purchased ad space in the Fishtown papers, it was too little, too late.

"I went into the City Paper and I said to the guy, what do you want me to do, get hit by a car in front of your building? Then will you inform your readership that there's an election?"

SCHMOO YEARS FROM NOW

When Thomson decided to run for the district seat, he asked for a leave of absence. Refused by his firm, he opted to quit his job, picking up some simple work on the side – a few divorce papers here, a will there. Now he needs a job, one that will eventually vault him outside of the legal sphere and into the non-profit sector.



Thomson campaigns on Frankford Ave.

Unsurprisingly, his ambition is to start an institution to help communities grow, a kind of umbrella structure of organizing tactics. He knows that you can't just go in and thrust a fully-developed program on people, that it has to come from the grassroots to be trusted. He wants to provide guidance from the ground floor.

While he looks for permanent work, Thomson hopes to iron out Scholastic March Madness and administer the program to other communities. Naturally, he concedes, it will be good for his name. It's inescapably political, as everything he does will

What do you want me to do, get hit by a car in front of your building? Then will you inform your readership that there's an election?

now be. But if he can just get three more places interested, that's over 1,000 people who will be involved in celebrating kids succeeding in school.

Similarly, he plans to start a test prep program in the fall, to be held at the Fishtown Library. It will be targeted to kids applying to local private and Catholic schools with entrance exams. Some of those institutions offer scholarships to students who do well on those tests. So it's an academic boost that could give some families an economic break.

To help those who don't do well on such entrance tests, and to honor his mother, Thomson has established the Barbara Thomson Scholarship Fund. Barbara, a breast cancer patient, passed away during Thomson's campaign. Beginning in the fall, money in her name will help subsidize the tuition at Roman Catholic High School, A.J.'s alma mater, for two families each year. When we

stopped in to chat with the alumni office, he was in discussion over the right way to invest and the

upcoming golf tournament to flesh out the fund.

But although he plans to run again in two years, as far as A.J. is concerned, the immediate future is of far greater importance than planning another campaign. As he announced to a roomful of supporters on election night, "Two years from now is schmoo years from now. Tomorrow do what you can to make this neighborhood a better place."

This is the voice of someone who just graduated from law school, whose week-long pilgrimages to Wildwood are punctuated by Fishtown sit-ins and planning meetings with those twice his age. It borders on the unbelievable: a young guy, a working class cop's son, a bright, accomplished student, a sports coach, takes on the party machine for his community, carrying them, as he put it, "on [his] shoulders." I almost don't want to believe him. I want find a chink in the story, unearth the calculated edge that will throw him back into the ring with all the other smarmy young political hopefuls who use "the people" like a fashion accessory. But A.J. has shown himself to be different. He knows that a true understanding

of community relies upon participation. He doesn't talk about "the people" from outside or what can be done for "them" – he talks about our neighborhood, where be went to high school. He speaks in the first person plural.

The worst you can really say about Thomson is to question whether he really belongs in Harrisburg. After all, maybe he's better off here, where the political battle can be painted in the high-key light of good and evil, poor and rich, life and death. He's a protector – not a solo gunslinger, but not a compromiser. He plays well with others, but he doesn't make trades. His team follows his

lead, and he follows an internal compass with coordinates of justice, children, education, community. We all know national politics is rife with scandal, and the local level is even dirtier. At home writing by-laws, he still seems happier taking kids on field trips. I wonder if he belongs on the local level, forever the fighting

underdog. I wonder if established politicians need people like him to be afraid of, or if they could work side by side. More than that, I worry that the district needs him here..

If the purpose of politics is, as Thomson says, to put people in touch with their communities, then a leader must know that place as intimately as they do. And A.J. knows where every crack in North Philadelphia is. It's true that if he were the State Representative of the 175th district, he wouldn't be the A.J. he is now. Maybe he would still wait outside the middle school to find out if the eighth graders went on a field trip, or maybe he'd be in committees, networking to find funds for the baseball team he used to coach. But at least he'd be closer to getting his hands on some glue, instead of more of the caution tape that lines the streets now.

from BAND, page 5

the healthy metal roster on the label, and that slight outsider status is just what they want. "I don't think we fit in with any label, and I don't want to fit in, says Ingerson. "I want to stand out as is, and Relapse is a place that welcomes that, and that's a place I can feel comfortable."

Ingerson plays a six string bass, and he plays it exceptionally well. This leads to comparisons to Primus which seem rooted entirely in the extra strings on the instrument since the band's sound is far from slap happy funk. The bass is probably the most present instrument within the band. Constantly at work, Ingerson varies from thick grooves to prettier melodies that make you wonder whether or not it's really a bass making these sounds. Hufnagel with his four guitars and seemingly infinite tunings, is also all over the place, while constantly being exactly where he should. Behind it all, tightly woven with Ingerson is drummer Jeff Eber, who, unlike Ingerson and Hufnagel whose musical tastes cover a myriad of genres, has said he doesn't listen to music.

The band, who have completed five U.S. tours, have drawn comparisons to acts like King Crimson, Rush and Yes, but have clearly established a sound all their own. Some of the band's slower, and prettier material has led people to assume that they create their music with the aid of various substances, but such is not the case. It's all them, which sometimes generous fans find out on their own. Hufnagel recalls that, "in St.

Cloud, Minnesota some guy came up to me after the show and pulled a huge bag of pot out of his jacket and offered it to me. He said he really enjoyed the show and here you can have this."

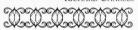
If you see Dysrhythmia live, two things you probably wont see are Hufnagel's face and Ingerson standing still. The guitarist plays hunched over with his hair covering his face, and the bassist is constantly rocking about, his body, rhythmically in tune with the songs. The guys love hearing perceptions of how they look on stage, and Ingerson is quick to admit that , "I'm all about the energy. If a band can't deliver live, then it's not there in the music, then they're just getting up and playing. You have to push the vitality through the music and transcend the ordinary nature of making sounds.

HOT SNAKES, Suicide Invoice

SWAMI

Here we go – a band that uses loud guitars and driving rhythms but can't be pinned down as sounding (and looking) like any specific group from decades past. Instead, Hot Snakes avoids major media attention and writes entire records full of good, energetic songs – a feat certain media-hyped bands can't manage to perform. Suicide Invoice meets my stringent requirements for what a good rock record should do: it makes me play air drums in front of the mirror and sing in the shower.

- RICHARD CHARLES



Working outside of the everyday

from VOLUNTEER, page 2

issues among younger people, and to bring some of the same creativity and community pressure to bear on these questions that we bring to thinking about other quality of life questions we face daily.

I moved to Philadelphia three years ago to take a policy analyst job with the federal government, working on Medicaid long-term care programs for people with disabilities. Prior to that I'd performed in a variety of community and facility-based social service programs for about ten years. My social work experience led me to think I'd swoop in and help Ms. B solve a raft of problems she was facing in just the two or three hours a week I spent with her. We would be able to figure out a good system for her medications so she would take them as directed. We would contact her creditors to set up a plan to pay off her credit card debt in installments. The thought of a 73 year-old woman stuck under a pile of short-term debt at exorbitant interest struck me as crushingly sad. Ms. B loves the movies, and we discuss old films often, so I envisioned the two of us taking trips to one of the movie theatres near her apartment complex, or renting movies that we would watch together.

I'd forgotten one of the cardinal rules from my own background - that progress made in changing one's health and lifestyle for the better is usually of the halting, incremental variety, in which baby steps are worthy of celebration. Gains are hardwon and often impermanent, like life in that respect. Even worse, I viewed all of this through the prism of my

own needs and experience, when the entire point of the program and of my visits was to meet Ms. B's interests and needs. If it means trips to the same round of dollar stores, markets and check-cashing places, then that's what it needs to be.

Spending time with older adults, especially those outside one's own family, race, and day-to-day experiences, is invaluable on a variety of levels. My few hours with Ms. B each week is the real-life enactment of some of the enormous issues that will bedevil our society over the coming decades. The health of the Social Security program, Medicare, the prescription drug issue, and our rapidly aging society are what Ms. B and her neighbors in the senior apartment complex live daily. These issues are derided as dry and only for "policy wonks", but they take on a different cast when the people impacted by them are sitting in front of you. As young people we should do ourselves and our society a favor, and get involved more in the lives of seniors by talking to the geezer struggling down the steps of the rowhouse next door, offering to run an errand for one of the ten widows on your street if it's like mine, or mingling with the crowd enjoying the low-cost lunch at the local senior center every weekday. We hear much about staying "connected" these days as it relates to mindless cell-phone conversation and other virtual interaction. Let's place equal emphasis on the personto-person connections that reveal where we stand and where we're going as a society.

from JACOBSON, page 5

That could be for the future. Meanwhile, this year's Mozart was an excellent start, featuring a couple of violin concertos and the marvelous Sinfonia Concerto for violin and viola, as well as the "Prague" and "Jupiter" symphonies, a piano concerto played by Anton Kuerti, and all kinds of free ancillary events. Stepping in for Ms. Frank, the Greek violinist Leonidas

Kavakos immediately covered himself with glory-the G-Major concerto on the first night was perhaps the finest performance of a Mozart violin concerto I have ever heard: mercurial, sensitive, stylish, and lots of fun. No less dramatically, soprano Christine Abraham substituted at short notice for an indisposed Jennifer Larmore to sing three arias, and she too won golden opinions.

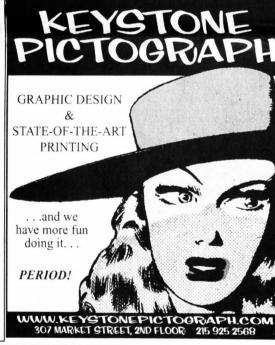
The Pigeon About Town

A BRIEF SOCIAL REVIEW

BY HAWK KRALL







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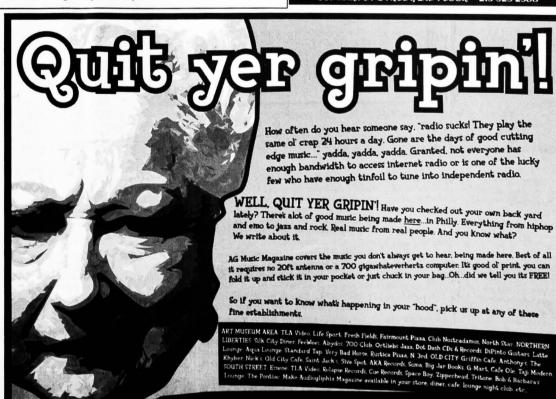
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from DRINK, page 1

ashamed, you..." she stopped laughing to find the right language, "belligerent thief

The words 'belligerent thief' struck me as too harsh, not quite right. I guess because I've always fancied myself as a class-conscious pirate, and Irena as a much more footloose version of Emma Goldman. Sadly, as much as I don't like to admit to myself, we were neither Marxist pirates nor revolutionaries. To be more accurate, we were two lackadaisical kids heavily influenced by radical rhetoric who were lucky enough to stumble into a job that enabled us to steal money from wealthy men and women without being caught. Perhaps we were lacking in conviction,

like a Christian Scientist wearing eyeglasses, but we were not thieves

A dapper old couple in an enormous sports utility vehicle pulled into the valet zone. Irena slowly walked to the driver side door.

"Hello, is this for valet, Sir?" Irena said, opening the door for the

"Listen, if I park here, are my wife and I going to have to wait more than five minutes to get our car back?" the driver asked.

"We'll try to get it back here as fast as possible." Irena said in a dry tone, tearing a ticket receipt and sliding the bottom half under the windshield. Returning cars always took more than five minutes because traffic was always ridiculous in Old City, especially on First Friday.

"I certainly hope so. Last time we waited ten minutes! Unacceptable!" grumbled the old man. Irena rolled her magnetic eyes as she climbed into the truck and drove to the parking lot.

Traffic began to clutter up Second Street. Exploding car horns coupled with the abrasive scratching of brakes tightening and releasing fragmented any attempt at forming a cohesive thought. It's never completely silent here, even in the early hours of the morning you are bound to hear the alley sound with a trickling tune conducted by a wasted fraternity brother. And tonight, like every night, masses of affluent white men and women in the latest fashions lined this street to fill the upscale bars to cut loose in a leisurely manner. Unfortunately, I hadn't brought a book to steer my mind from making unfair generalizations, from keeping account of all distinctions. I had only been at work an hour, but the routine impulse flooded to the

ed towards the lot. Immediately, I

deduced that the owner of the car had

too much money to handle. Therefore, I

took the liberty of balancing the scales a

bit. After all, how useful can money be when it is spent on luxury vehicles and not used to enhance

one's overall being? Not very useful at all, I

thought. Once at the lot, as sangfroid as could

be, I slid a few dollars into my sock, handed the

keys to Albert, and began the hike to Second

Irena. Had someone complained about missing

money? It didn't matter anyway because Irena

would deny everything, like an unyielding punk.

And she'd get rid of the money,

tape, and train pass, I thought. I looked at my watch, 8:15. She

must have been back at the restaurant by now. Anxiety began to engulf me. Did that customer call

the police about missing fucking

sunglasses? Bruce wouldn't call the

police, I told myself, he'd just fire

her, if anything. I tried not to think

about the situation. As I crossed

over Front Street I saw Melinda.

She was stooped on the ground

spinning a story for change and

making two people, who were pre-

viously trying to enjoy themselves.

very uncomfortable. Tears were

leaking down her famished twen-

dog. He's hungry.

v-something face, dropping onto

her puppy. Her cardboard sign -

read: "I'm homeless please help my Niegara Falk, Canada

I met Melinda a year ago. She was on

a restrictive relationship with money, which is

unpreventable it seems, but she manages to

maintain an air of dignity in spite of the way she

is perceived and treated by the bored women and

men of Old City. Melinda wipes away her fake

tears and laughs after everyone else. Just like a

up with their crud, and than later smiles shame-

you got a dollar?" asked Melin '

"Hey, hey Thomas. I need some ice cream

"Yeah. Listen, have you seen Irena in the

past hour?" I asked, as I handed her some

After a block, my mind wandered back to

front of my mind. I quickly sank my hands in my pockets, stifling the urge to check my watch. It only depressed me. Work today and enjoy tomorrow, the taxing mantra. I checked my watch; it was 6:30 p.m., eight more hours until Irena and I were done working.

Time for a valet fluctuates from either painfully boring to chaotically hectic, 5 to 9 p.m. is drawn-out, basically spent waiting for the rush at 9:30. This is the time when I find myself dwelling on the fact that I'm literally wasting nine hours of my life which I will never get back in exchange for four dollars (and sometimes a tip) an hour. From 5 to 9pm is my time for being envious, envious of everyone who has a different job than me. But most of all, I was envious of the people in the restaurants and bar blind to the fleeting potential of a charming April evening.

Eventually Irena sauntered around the corner, easing my thoughts.

You know it looks quite unprofessional sit ting on the step like that," she said mimicking the jittery speech that Vic, the tense restaurant manager, gives us nearly everyday.



I half-grinned, "You know that it's also unprofessional to have coke in your mustache while you lecture your workers.

"Fair enough," she said, as she bent down to sit beside me on the narrow steps. As her knee rubbed against mine, I began to forget about my disdain for work. Irena had a way of making it difficult for me to stay bitter around her.

I stood up to stretch, pointing my underfed arms and fingers to the dull still clouds. I turned my head and saw Victor watching Irena and I through the window of the hip restaurant.

"Irena, have you seen Bruce yet today?" I

"No. But I saw seven women on the way back from the lot with fuck-me boots on... If I had a nickel for every... my fucking heavens." she

"Last night Victor said that Bruce wanted to talk to both of us, Vic didn't say why" I said, "I'm guessing it's about the woman who was scream-

I walked away, trying to remain composed. I

got to the restaurant and my body stiffened.

Irena was not back, and Ethan said that Bruce

had stopped by looking for me again. A stabbing

tension was aching in my empty stomach. Cars

flooded the valet zone, Ethan handed me a set of

keys. I drove to the lot as quickly as I could, care-

ful not to touch anything. I gave the keys to

Albert; I asked if he saw Irena, he did not. I

Ethan handed me keys. Still, Irena was gone.

Second Street was cluttered with cars; I slid into

I ran straight to the restaurant, immediately

June 2000

traffic and slowly made my way to the lot. Each

change.
"No, not at all."

checked my watch, 9:10.

ing about her missing \$300 sunglasses." "Well, I didn't take them. So, fuck her, fuck Bruce, and fuck Vic also." she declared.

Bruce is my boss, he runs several valet businesses in Old City. Talks with Bruce were never good; they were either a warning about missing

items, or uncomfortable attempts at winning my friendship. I preferred neither, but if I had to choose, I'd pick the former rather than the latter. Bruce's buddy talks were enough to make Red Foxx and Caligula blush all at the same time. If there was a girl of any age in Old City that Bruce wasn't itching to "saw in half," then I haven't heard about it. A typical conversation with Bruce usually begins with a forceful nudge of his fat elbow into my ribs, followed with his repulsive eyes directing mine towards a club-going woman in a revealing tube-top, he'd start by saying something like, "T-bone,

the female body is a beautiful thing, am I right or what, buddy?" "Yeah, yeah sure." I'd say in a useless attempt to stop the conversation before it started. But Bruce, always the consummate conversationalist, was oblivious to. or simply disregarded, my subtle hints. He'd counter with some

thing increasingly misogynistic, like, "When God made the vagina he really outdid himself, nothing like a slice of that ol' hair pie, let me tell ya." He would go on and on, unless Irena was around. If Irena was listening Bruce acted like a gentleman, which did not matter much any-

so long coming

back from the lot

He wants us both

to work there from

"Christ almighty, I

fuck. I thought you

got caught with

that tape and got

arrested, or fired."

fired, I hate this

"I wish I got

Relieved, I said

worried as

now on," she said.

when it's just me and two or three or maybe four others, hung over from another rabid day of various necessary labors.

Until Warminster the final stop

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$

on this train

On this train

or rather.

the poor get off first;

Temple, Wayne, Fern Rock

the fewer the passengers

The farther out into the suburbs,

and the more they are like me,

what I am hating to become

The sun is nearly set, and by its potent, nutrient descent, I know this is the middle of January.

- Bernard Vaughan

* * * * * * * * * * fucking job," she said. Then we began walking streetwalkin', minus the sex... I just want to be home. We always walked home paid for wandering aimlessly through out the city, like a after work, even though it's

> about twenty blocks. Irena adored the city at 3 a.m., mostly because she wasn't working. We walked a while and listened to the hushed streetlights. After a few minutes, Irena took my hand in hers, and began humming a song to herself. I had forgotten about

the whole night, and was feeling less bitter. "Would it be so terrible?" "What?" Lasked

'To be fired? I wouldn't being unemployed. Would you?"

"Well, no, not at all." "So, Thomas, why don't we quit? Let's quit. Let's not work anymore," she was nearly

I replied, with a smile, "Fine, let's not work

Street, which was a bit droll, too many patrolling car thieves to not smash anything. Strangely, no

Irena loved them even more than usual.

Meckon

Confused, but in no particular tone at all, I said, "Why the leap to streetwalking?" I was



way since Irena hated him regardless. Irena liked to say that the only likable boss is a dead boss. Just the same, I hoped Bruce wasn't showing up to lec-

ture us today. Cars continued to clutter up Second Street.

I joined Irena on the steps. Again, I was a spectator, sitting in the same rigid cement seat, watching the same performance of the same passing cars going to the same places. We starred at nothing in particular for a few minutes.

"Irena, this is becoming unbearable." I said.

"I know" she sighed, handing me the keys to a BMW parked in the valet zone "It's your turn to go to the lot, better hurry up before the meter maid with the bully complex tickets

"I thought Bruce paid off those marauders.'

"Nope. Apparently, the Parking Authority likes their bribes weekly, and Bruce likes to pay them monthly. So basically they are fuck-

of of of

ing angry with Bruce, and giving out tickets to valet cars each chance they get," she said. This meant that, valet cars could not be

parked at meters (Bruce parked valet cars in street spots to cut down parking lot fees), but more importantly, this means Irena and I could not scam an extra twenty dollars from customers wanted their cars parked in front of the restaurant. So because of the mer-Parking ciless

South of the Border SC

making it nearly impossible to trace a theft back to a single person. I left the keys with Albert, the lot attendant,

March 1998

utes to get to in traffic. The unusual distance

means three times more running for valets, it

also means more money for Vic and Bruce

than those on Second. However, Irena and I

managed to find a loophole in Bruce's policy

towards underpaying and overworking his

employees. Every car valet parked at the six dif-

ferent restaurants Bruce provides valet services

for are taken to the same parking lot. So alto-

gether, there can be up to 12 valets working dur-

ing one night. And the lovely part, around 11:30

p.m. or so the return rush hits and a myriad of

cars need to be returned promptly; therefore,

Bruce sends all the valets to the lot to bring cars

back to whichever restaurant necessary, because

of this, each car can change hands at least twice,

because the lot's rates are considerably cheaper

Authority, we were forced to bring every car to the lot. However, this was not entirely bad for Irena and me; this just meant no car was off lim-

I got in the BMW and turned the key. I eased into traffic. The process was scrupulous. I did not care to waste time. The most likely place to look is the ashtray; most people either use it to store cigarette ashes or money. This person did-n't smoke. I grabbed a fist full of quarters, careful not to take too many, but more careful to take enough. I shut the ashtray and opened the console. The console is a treasure chest. However, this particular one was empty. Next, I ran my hand along the sun-visor finding two dollars. After a while, ambitious valets learn to drive with their knees. Traffic stood still. There were too many people on the street to reach over and rummage through the glove compartment, so I waited. Finally, traffic began to move. Fucking Christ, nothing but papers and candy rappers. I gave up and drove to the lot.

The parking lot is about seven blocks away from the restaurant, which takes five to ten min-

LOW TO DE W

and began the trek to Second Street. I stuffed my hands in my pockets to deaden the clamor of liberated change. Seven blocks to justify my motives. I imagined I was a tax collector, relentlessly collecting: superficial tax, unnecessary tax, gaudy tax, falsity tax, and sometimes hollowness tax. No representation for taxation was my method. I'd sock it to the bourgeoisie, specifically in a moderate and sneaky manner. I use the term 'bourgeoisie' as a loose definition: any person(s) with fifteen dollars to have their ridiculously expensive car valeted who clearly have more money than me, and also people with pale skin and a monocle were fair game as well. Stealing, I told myself, is a conscious critique of commodity society, or, more accurately, an easy way to get by working two days a week instead of five. Besides, if I didn't steal the money it would have only been wasted on things like a diamond encrusted navigation system with gold trim. Or, more likely, the money would have been used to light expensive cigars with, cigars that would then be used to burn a fluffy kitten's eye out. I stopped, waited for a green light to tell me to go.

I laughed to myself at the idea of trying to escape a life dictated by money by stealing more money. checked my watch, 7:30 p.m.

When I got back to the restaurant/bar, Irena was gone. Ethan had taken her place giving out valet tickets. His eyes were stuck on his shuffling feet. I asked where Irena went and Ethan said that Bruce needed to see her. Bruce also needed to talk to me next, about what Ethan didn't know. It wasn't like Bruce to stop Irena from working to reproach her; he usually waited until she wasn't 'on the clock,' It was probably nothing, I thought. I sat down on the step, and struck up a conversation with Ethan.

"How's art school treating you?" I asked.

Jackel Wackow "Oh, fine. Still just working on my pots, ceramics mostly. Sold some pots to an art dealer in Northern Liberties," he answered with averted eyes.

"The pots? The same pots you were telling me about!" I asked with far more excitement than warranted.

"Yes, Thomas, the very same pots."

A few weeks earlier Ethan had told me about ceramic pots that he made using a mixture of clay and his own shit. As I am both uneasy with and perplexed by his method, I admire greatly the lengths to which he went to make his labor into his own. I will be the first to admit this valet job is not rewarding, and discontent can be channeled in various ways. I think there is something to be said for selling ceramic excrement to wealthy art collectors.

Before our conversation could continue, several cars pulled into the lane. Second Street was cluttered. I got in a brand new Lexus and start-



whores We sell our selves for unworthy purposes, we just do it in a more

roundabout way.' But instead, she responded, "Not exactly streetwalkin' in the tradi-

tional sense, I meant just plain old

sponsored dérive... I mean, it's what everyone does everyday, to a varying degree." I was watching her hand gestures, they reminded me of a cartoon robot with wildly oscillating arms. She was talking still, only

more dramatically now, "But you and I both know that such a job exists only in my mind." Once we reached our apart-

ment, I fumbled around for my keys, anticipating Irena's admission that she either lost or had forgotten her keys again. I held open the door, smiling, I said, 'Ŝtreet-walkers first.'

"Why thank you very kindly, condescending fuck," she replied with the subtlety of Pam

Africa. She ascended the stairwell like a cat without whiskers. Once inside, she looked much more heavy-hearted; she stared blankly, saying, "It would get stale after a while."

"I'm sorry?"

"Don't be sorry for me, I'll be fine." She said, as she sifted through a crate of old records.

"No, what would become stale?" I said "Steetwalking, for heavens sake!" she shout ed matter-a-factly, as if I were the only person on Earth who didn't know every intricate detail of her invented trade. She decided on a Robert Johnson record, and I agreed.

As I walked into the less-than spacious kitchen, I heard a series of swear words. I looked into the living room to see Irena again fagagling with her work coat, she hastily ripped her arms from the sleeves and threw it victoriously to the unswept floor, as if she had just won a nine-hour smile, I recalled seeing it on occasion, we frequently exchanged this smile. It was the one you make at the person who enriches your life. Or, perhaps I was mistaken, it may have been the smile an over-worked woman makes when she is handed a tall glass of whiskey. At any rate, I was quite sure that she was the reason why I am not wholly consumed by the paralyzing boredom which envelopes too much of this city. We filled our glasses to the top. She emptied her glass as gracefully as anyone can drink cheap whiskey.

Minutes and hours past. We got drunker, our eech got less concise

"We shouldn't drink so ... much. We have such a ... busy day tomorrow ... We need to be up before the sun." she stammered.

> "What? Irena, we aren't busy You and I are listless and

> unemployed."
> "Oh, no. Not that ... I mean .. We have a greater job to do, tomorrow we will plant the ... Do you want to plant Kudzu vines?" he stopped to swallow the last of her whiskey. " Agitating, tightly strangling ... every building until foundations...weaken and ... give up, ... making room for something other than ... this. I prom-

ise, we'll tend to, a ... garden. She was radiant, her cheeks were glowing lush red. Her eyes were completely shut now. I poured the last of the Old Crow on the table and miraculously some went in my glass. At that

moment, I felt particularly pleased with my options for the future. I leaned back in my chair, and raised my glass. I drank to Irena's promise.



should not assume that they an Nafia, but i decide that I will viatia, but the collect matter than the subject matter this documentary. There are blenty of other characters here. hat would be just as interesting

I poured some drinks, when I finished I sat

beside her. She was absolutely beaming with a

vivacious look on her face. It was a familiar

I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE A OF THIS CIRAP TONIGHT!!

onversations.

bought a cup of tea took a seat I bought a cop of the rook a seat at one of the stools. I mostly just sat and watched. I was not, at this point, too certain on how I wanted to go about getting to know these people. So far, most of what I knew or thought knew about them ew or thought knew about then ras puriy speculation based on that little I had seen or had overheard while listening in on the



Pete is a fixture around h

passing minute was becoming more piercing Second Street one night, crying, asking for change, when Irena and I were coming from the Repeatedly, I got to the lot and I ran as fast as I lot. We both gave her a handful of someone else's could to the restaurant. Each time I was greeted by Ethan, handing me keys. I didn't see Irena change; as Irena asked for the reasoning behind the long-face and weeping. Melinda replied, "Oh, no reason at all, really." Which served as a once. I checked my watch, 11:40. I felt beyond nauseous; I was out of breath and sweating. By valid explanation, so Irena didn't question any this time, I was sure Irena had been arrested. further, but then, Melinda smiled and went on to Ethan sent me to the lot for the return rush. Each minute was agonizing. None of the say in a clear voice, "No reason, but I find that it helps to bring out the generosity in people. other valets at the lot had seen Irena or Bruce. Irena and I had fallen for the old faux lament Everything was a frantic mess. For the next two routine. Since that night, each time I cross hours, I ran nonstop back and forth bringing cars Melinda's path, which is every weekend in Old from the lot, sick with anxious nerves. By the City, we talk and my admiration for her grows time every car had been taken back, the tense deeper. Like Irena and I, she has been forced into energy building inside my stomach had reached

its saturation point. Masking my panic, I went to Bruce's office above the restaurant hoping to find out where Irena was. I rang the buzzer and waited, but got no answer. I sat down on the steps, waiting, and then Bruce and Irena strolled around the corner. My heart nearly unraveled.

cheery waitress who spits in coffee, Melinda puts said right before disappearing into the office.

> did you go tonight?" Bruce had me work at a new restaurant on Fifth and Market, we used a new lot on Arch.

He wanted you to go there but you were taking

"Have a good night you two kids," Bruce I was overwhelmed, "Irena, where the fuck

here anymore. We kept walking. We had no particular

route, sometimes we walked down Market police cars and bland storefronts. I preferred to take the side streets, the streets where parked cars displayed notes in the window pleading with matter what combination of streets we took, it seemed inevitable that we'd wind up walking past 12th and Spruce, weaving our way through crowd of about five or six male prostitutes. Irena always pointed out with astonishment how gorgeous they looked in women's clothes, especially those who wore dick-tight blue jeans that accentuated their slender yet masculine hips. "Streetwalkers," she referred to them as. Tonight,

"That's it, the perfect job! Thomas, we'll be streetwalkers. It's an ideal profession. Remember that nonsense about my wanting to be unemployed writer, writing my onomatopoeic autobiography? Forget about that shit. I'll be a streetwalker," she blurted out.

anticipating an answer like, "Essentially, you and

Photographs by Rachel Mackow

o I should have known THAT RACHEL WAS A MISTAKE. But the grind of my PNC Bank job, my increasing drinking, my lack of sleep, all conspired to destroy my good judgement. And so I really thought I was falling in love with Rachel. I felt that there was no longer any hope save her. I let it torment me.

My opportunity came one night when I was drinking gin with Frank. It was a cold Friday night and the snow had just begun to come down. We decided to step outside to greet it, and as we did, there was Jane, walking home from Coffee World.

"Hey boys!" she said.

We were already beginning to feel the effects of the gin. And the snow was falling in fat white lumps: beautiful, cold, and soft. My addled mind linked this intoxication and the soft snow with Rachel.

"We're having a party," I said. "Gin!" Frank smiled and nodded.

"Well I haven't seen your place," Jane said. "Let me get home and get changed - I smell like coffee beans right now - and I'll be over

"Bring Rachel," I practically demanded. "Okay," Jane said, smiling.

Frank and I went back into the apartment and poured fresh glasses of gin.

"Who's that girl?" he asked. "Jane," I said. "She likes me. I can tell. But it's her *roommate* I'm interested in. So I need you to distract Jane. Can you do it?"

"I think so," Frank said. Frank was a good guy. He'd go along with pretty much anything. After a nervous hour of drinking the girls

finally came over.
"You're late!" I said, now feeling a little drunk. "Everyone left."

"Where'd they go?" Jane said, taking off her snow-covered jacket, dusting snow off her cap, and taking a good look around the living room. Rachel stood at her side, still wearing her puffy red jacket, expressionless. Snow glistened in her raven-black hair.

"Bars," I said. "Everyone went off to the bar. What bar, Frank?"

"Uh, gee, I dunno," Frank said.

"McGlinchey's, I think. Or else ...uh ...that

"One of those goddamn bars," I said. "Who knows which. Anyway, I don't have an ID." "Neither do we," Rachel actually said.
"But hey," I said. "Gin." I motioned dra-

matically towards the gin and the glasses on the coffee table.

The girls helped themselves to drinks and I put Wagner's Tristan und Isolde on the record player. That ought to do the trick, I thought to myself. But the girls just sort of

grimaced at the music as Tristan moaned.

As I planned, Frank distracted Jane while I got to have an audience with Rachel. I asked her questions about her life, and she answered in minimalist clauses. Born in the suburbs. grow up in suburbs, high school, uh, maybe college some day, not now, knew Jane since they were kids, Jane moves to the city, Rachel moves to the city, Rachel gets job: Hot Tamales. End of story.

I tried to get a little more out of her. What about the suburbs!? Dreamy nights, diners, malls, Sunday drives, love in the woods, fresh air, weird early nineties high school: Nirvana! But nothing.

"We used to go to this club called Pulsations," was what she eventually offered up. "They had a Brit-Pop night." "Oh." I said.

Jane suggested we go to their place to drink some beer. She said they had some beer in the refrigerator. I could tell they couldn't stand the music at my place. Frank and I said

Outside on 6th street the snow was really oming down and I was definitely drunk by this point. We all felt a little good. I danced around in the empty street and threw a snowball at Frank. Then a laughing Rachel and Jane threw snowballs at me. Walking down the street together, I walked close to Rachel and told her the Russian fable of the Ice Princess, and how her heart of ice would melt when touched by the love of a mortal. She smiled but I wasn't sure if she understood or not. I considered talking about Spenser's False Florimel but decided against it after my failure with the Ice Princess. Brit-Pop, I tried to remind myself. Keep it simple.

When we arrived at their place, Jane unlocked a gate and we followed her down a long narrow alley populated by snow-covered bags of garbage. The door at the end was theirs. They lived in an old fashioned trinity, and we passed a sleeping roommate who was crashed out on the couch in front of the television. There was a fat cat asleep on her stomach. We went up the narrow winding steps and tall and lanky Frank bumped his head twice. The top floor was where Jane and Rachel shared a room.

"You two share a room," I said. "What do you do when you want to have, y'know, boys

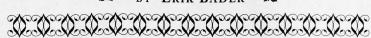
"What boys?" Rachel said solemnly, much to my silent elation.

"Well," Frank said, "you're looking at 'em." Jane ran downstairs and came back up with bottles of Yuengling Black & Tan. We all drank and listened to bad music that I assumed was "Brit-Pop." All the songs were about waterfalls and girls and being cool.

As the night and the drinking went on, everyone felt a little more comfortable. I told long humorous stories, which were all at least a little true. Frank did some pretty bad impersonations of actors I had never heard of or at he landa

EXCERPTED FROM THE NOVEL

BY ERIK BADER





in my own apartment, thanks to the extremist economy of Dean. We were all feeling a little of her respective knee pressing forward into mine. There was a nudge, a minissleepy and Frank had already passed out on the cule barely palpable smidgen of pressure, and floor. I got to snuggle up under the stifling covers with Rachel on her "bed", which was my mind raced in futile calculations as to the exact amount of suggestion that was congenijust a mattress on the floor in the corner of the tal in this gesture. Or else was it merely a room. Eventually Jane got sick of trying to wake Frank up, turned out the lights, and reflex, or maybe she was just getting comfort-

able? My nerves were aflame. Why didn't girls know how to shamelessly flirt? Of course the real horror of it loomed over me: that she didn't really like me.

But the alcohol was flowing through me. It coursed through my veins and enflamed my desire. My mind raced recklessly into arguments as to why I simply had to kiss this girl. She would *inspire* you, my mind said to me, and the gin and beer both nodded in agreement. She would break the spell of your monotonous existence, lift you from this Purgatory! This is your Beatrice: silent, pensive, and beautiful! Submit at once!

And yet, every limb in my body was frozen. Only my mouth moved on, forming silent whispers of meaningless words, tangent upon tangent of pseudo-humorous story, of which Rachel couldn't seem to get enough of. Still I waited for that one perfect phrase that would shake her body with chuckles and make her snuggle close to me, her small lovely body curling up like a cat and rolling into my stomach, at which point I would be vested with the privilege of running my hand through her soft black hair. I tried in vain to remember that poem by Shelley ... how did it go? And the something touches the beach, as the ... something else ... greets the sea... what are all these kissings worth, if you don't ... kiss ... me? But I couldn't remember how it went!

In a gargantuan dynamo of energy, I forced myself to roll over towards her and look her square in the eye. Her little dark eyes shimmered incandescently in the darkness, and I could smell her faint and fruity perfume.

"Can I tell you a secret?" I forced my voice Her face, one cheek of which was squished

into her pillow, nodded. And I leaned forward with the effort of Prometheus Unbound and kissed her lips. My lips pressed into hers and were met with closed lips. Unbelievably, our two pursed lips merely pressed together. We might as well have been pressing our foreheads together. I backed up a half inch and kissed her again, this time to lips that seemed a little more parted. The moisture of our lips slid together and this time it felt like a real kiss. Then she backed up and I thought my chance was over. My stomach vermiculated into the Gordian Knot. But to my surprise, her lips returned, open this time like a spring flower, and I spun deliriously into the inebriating vortex that is a true passionate kiss.

Just as I could feel the blood of my bruised heart beginning to warm back to life, she backed up in that peculiar way that mysterious girls have, and looked at me in the darkness. "Well?" I said.

"That wasn't a secret," she said in a way that betrayed absolutely no opinion on the matter whatsoever. Then, continuing in her esoteric manner, she rolled back over on her back, without so much as a slight snuggle, dropping my confidence back to its customary zero level existence and barring me from any

kisses in the immediate future. In an effort of defiance, I sighed and rolled onto my respective back. We were both staring at the ceiling, which happened to be covered by a five by ten poster of a British-looking wanker with a gui-

"Who's that lout?" I asked, pointing up at the band poster which stared back down at me, almost mockingly in its mop-topped arro-

"Pop," she said in a British accent.

"Well I know it's pop," I said. "I mean, who's the band?"

"I just said Pulp!" she said, and then I noticed the "Pulp" logo on the bottom of the

"Oh yeah," I said.

Nothing much more was said. I gave my own shot at nestling up against her but she seemed frozen like a corpse, and she soon fell into a sleep, replete with a little buzzing snore. I was happy enough though, that I had gotten that kiss, and as I lay there, listening to her breathing, I pictured our wonderful future together, myself growing a magnificent beard and working hard at the quintet of novels that she would inspire me to write, and our little cottage in the countryside, and of course the breakfasts we'd have with our friends. And since I'd be making some loot from all my book sales, I'd take her to all the Pulp concerts her little heart desired.

I woke up at ten with Frank nudging me in the ribs with his shoe.

"What the hell?" I said.

"I gotta go," he said. "I have to work today. And my bag is at your place."

"Ohhhh man," I said, feeling the hangover setting in on my head. I rubbed my temples and looked over at Rachel. She was sound asleep. So was Jane. What to do? I gave Rachel a gentle tap:
"Mmmmmm," she said, her eyes flutter-

ing. She rolled over on her side.

"I'm leaving," I said softly.
"Mmm," she said.

"D'ya want to get lunch later?" "Mmsure," she said.

"I'm leaving ... my number ... on your desk," I said, enunciating my words carefully like I was talking to a person who didn't really speak English.

"So give me a call later," I said.

"Mmokay," she said, then fell back asleep. I leaned over and gave her light kiss on the cheek and left with Frank, who was snickering and digging his elbow into my side.

"Cut it out!" I said as we walked down the alley. Out on the street there was barely any trace of the snow, save for some dirty piles of it on the curb.

"You old trickster you," he said. "Frank," I said.

"Well?" he said.

"I kissed her, that's it."

"Knew it!" "Whatever. I don't think it'll come to any

thing. She doesn't seem interested." "Whaddya mean she doesn't seem interested? She freakin' kissed you

"Yeah so? What does that mean? She was drunk." 'She wasn't drunk. She digs you man."

"We'll see," I said. "We'll see."

There was nothing to see. Rachel never called that day. I sat in my apartment all day reading D.H. Lawrence poems, one eye on the page and the other on the phone that didn't ring. I wondered what she was doing: I knew she didn't have to work. Probably listening to Pulp and hoping that floppy wanker from the poster would stop by for an acoustic session. Anyone but me. Later that week I stopped in to see Jane at Coffee World. She gave me a

free coffee. "Hey, let me get your number," I said. "I don't have it '

'You like Rachel, don't you," she said. "Huh?"

"You better forget it," she said, then she laughed. "Oh, she does this with all the guys. She just hooks up with anyone. Then she doesn't care. You didn't ... sleep with her ... did

"Jane!" I said. "Don't be so vulgar."

"Well I guess it's none of my business. But choices in these sorts of matters. tupid girl like Rachel. You're such a smart young boy. And you're cute. What could you possibly see in her? I mean she's my friend, sure, but Dave ... she's on drugs!"

"Drugs? "Drugs

"Yeah well ... hey, what does that have to do with anything anyway? I don't care if she's on ... drugs. I mean ... well ... so she hasn't ... y'know ... said anything about me?"

"I don't involve myself in her creepy affairs. She's my roommate but I just prefer not to *hear* about all the boys she dicks around. She's a tease."

I was convinced there was something she wasn't telling me. Drugs or no drugs, it seemed impossible that Rachel could just kiss me and then never think of me again. I mean, I wasn't a bad kisser or anything. She didn't even know me. I could be famous some day...how would she know? I didn't see myself as such a bad catch at all.

So I got the phone number. But every time I called Jane picked up and she said Rachel was either out or asleep. Then she would talk my ear off about her boy troubles. And about how cute I was. Don't waste your time with Rachel. You'll be a famous writer some day. She'll just bring you down. That sort of thing.

My final attempt at winning over Rachel came during a particularly demoniac evening of whisky, water, and Wagner. First I composed a crazed poem for her, seeming at the time a delectable mouthful of awesome acidic assonance, but in reality a bombastically belletristic barrel of boring baloney. Then I made her tape of chowchow choice arias from my favorite operas, including my own transcription of the librettos in easy to read English. The cassette concluded with Desdemona's Willow Song just to make sure she knew just what happens when one makes the wrong

The next day on my lunch break (having taken a hasty cab from Center City) I walked into Hot Tamales and she took the cassette from my sweating hand with a smile. But after a week of no phone call, I finally gave up.

Titles by Jim Comey. Below "The Pilot and the Panda" title is ersal of Man" by Peter Wonsowksi. Bader photo by Lou DiNur

THEN YOU KNOW

YOU'LL GO CRAZY TOO



The air has been nauseous with pink All day And they wait for lightning to strike

Oh if only I were so Beautiful As to be Near invisible At the joints

Several smooth And tumbling shapes Barely together Needing each other To be

3.

Gather together At edges At sunset Like angels





218,000 words.

He first strikes one as a soft character, with big cheeks, an easy, open smile, and chopped black hair worn in the feathered, collar-skirting fashion favored by the young people of today. But he has a tough streak, too, sometimes looking you straight in the eye and pausing, holding your gaze, with his head tilted slightly to the side and leaning in, to underline something he's saying. He admits to cribbing this move from his father Jerry, a produce broker at the Food Center on Packer Avenue who can appraise a hand of Texas Hold 'Em as easily as a crate of tomatoes. Erik has mixed feelings about Philadelphia.

At McGlinchey's he complained about "Liberty One, a big I.V. needle sucking out everything that's good." But I recall a long night walk some weeks earlier when he went into more detail about the Philadelphia Problem, an intractable and ancient disease.

"My diagnosis of it changes about as much as the weather does these days," this was mid-spring, midnight, walking on the Parkway. Bader likes to give short lectures on topics he's been considering, and he usually doesn't have trouble finding an audience.

"But my latest take on the Philadelphia Problem is that, see, there's this lack of that big old American Dream. Take Charles Olson, who stated the primary American signifying factor is SPACE." He enunciated the word, "space," and capitalized it with that firm pause of his. "It's big, without mercy. Endless ocean. Endless highway. Endless plain, or city street, none of which we witness here, too similar to

Europe's cities in its cramped design. The streets are narrow, usually one-way. Sure, it's a grid, but you can rarely see further than 10 blocks ahead. Why? Well look at the topology: this place was built right on top of a spooky old forest. And that dark woodsiness is still present. I'm talking about an old haunted Indian woods where one rarely saw the sky and spirits lurked around every gnarled trunk. Without those visioninducing, thoroughly American vistas, that marvelous breathtaking glimpse into hitherto unknown futures is virtually impossible, so the siphon gets flipped and one looks down from the Big Now into the Narrow

Vision of the Past, I think of my own novel, taking place in 90's Philadelphia, but always experiencing its moments of rapture when taking that present moment and squinting through the siphon to view

that much richer apparition of the past." admitted that "Philadelphia, despite all my grumbling, is still through and through a wonderful town. A beautiful town. And let's be honest: I couldn't have written the book anywhere else The Pilot and the Panda resembles

lovce's Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, a semi-autobiography of Dave Baxter, a young, aimless man coming to

realize his own powers as a writer. "It's about a young man learning how to write, learning how to get over not writing, and learning to get over a girl," Bader told me at McGlinchey's, "He creates a persona for himself, and you get to watch as society, his friends, and urban daily grind totally smash his self-created illusions. While there are similarities

between Mssrs. Bader and Baxter (Mr. Bader's email is godavebaxtergo@hotmail.com), Mr. Bader denies that they are identical.

"He's my invention," Bader said. "He's done a lot of the same things as me, but he's better read, and far more nervous in social sit-

Pilot is not Bader's first work He wrote another novel, Aero, really a first attempt at Pilot, a collection of short stories called "The Westerners," and a three-act



Erik Bader and the Atlantic Ocean.

play named "Mount Laurel"

"I expected this big explosion when I was done," he told me, sitting at McGlinchey's with a worn copy of *The* Maltese Falcon. "But I typed out the last sentence and nothing happened. No Valkyries falling out of the clouds, no agent breaking down the door with an advance check in his hand."

For now, Erik still works down at the Food Center, but he's considering a move to Brooklyn, working up some memoirs of his time in Philadelphia, and trying to find a publisher for Pilot in earnest. He's also considering moving to the southern side of the city, near the vegetable market, and set to work on a pulp crime novel, or a project tentatively titled True Jersey, a "historical novel that basically mashes together the collective factual and/or remembered history of every small town in America and tries to create the one perfect epic of one perfect quintessential American town and follows it across four generations." He' also considering self-publishing a small run of Pilot for friends who have expressed interest in the work. But no matter where Bader's writing leads him he has, at age 25, already enjoyed three years of a life most creative types can only imagine undertaking on a foggy someday.

"I never felt like there was an audi ence," he told me, "but I still felt like I had to do it. It was a story that only I could tell. I had seen a lot and felt a lot and lived through a lot of things. I felt like I had something to share, and I didn't want to keep it to myself.





from LOVE PARK, page 1

it is known today and the relationship between skateboarders and urban space. Skateboards first appeared in the 1950's, when, like yo-yos and hula hoops, they spread through the teen demographic created by the American marketing system that arose out of the country's postwar prosperity. In the late 1960's some California surfers began to take skateboarding more seriously. They searched out terrain in their neighborhoods that would replicate the waves they could surf for only a few hours a day. They scouted local schools and homes for empty pools, beveled lips, anything concrete with a wave-like shape. Emerging as much from surfing as from punk culture, skateboarding became infused with as much compassion as rage, as much mischief as Zen. The recently released film Dogtown and Z-Boys documents the origins of modern skateboarding as it was created in the late 1970's in Los Angeles, where empty pools and sloping concrete moldings dotted the landscape. East Coast skaters had to create a different style of skating, a style suited to an urban landscape full of obstacles to jump over or slide across. Superior to all other locations in Philadelphia was LOVE Park, with its endless stretches of granite tile and massive marble benches to glide across, over, and around.

> "...No one wants these skaters in their neighborhood, EVEN IF THEY CAN'T HEAR OR SEE THEM MOST OF THE TIME. - Frank Keel, spokesman for Mayor John Street

The park was first conceived in 1932, when Edmund N. Bacon handed in his architectural thesis at Cornell University. Bacon designed "Penn Square" at the intersection of 16th Street and the Benjamin Franklin Parkway. Previously the Parkway, which cut a diagonal from the Philadelphia Museum of Art to City Hall's northwest corner, bisected the space from 16th to City Hall into two useless grassy triangles and created a dangerous five-point intersection at City Hall. While other architects scoffed at Bacon's proposal, he had the last laugh when he became Director of City Planning under Mayor Richardson Dilworth. "The commissioner of streets said that this plan would bring downtown traffic to a stand-still," recalled Bacon, "The mayor said 'terrific' and signed off on it.' Designed by architect Vincent Kling, the plaza was built on three levels, with a large fountain in the center level and stone tiles, benches, and planters providing the topography of the gray expanse. "Kling did a noble and beautiful interpretation of my idea in permanent granite and marble," Bacon said, "The idea that it doesn't have enough green areas is absurd - look at all the famous plazas and piazzas of Europe. They all have masonry." For the first two decades of its existence the city managed the park closely, tending its plants and keeping its stonework intact. City government also hosted double-dutch tournaments and dance competitions on the site,

Philadelphia police, who had tolerated skaters for years, began to issue tickets and chase skaters away. By the mid-1990's several ordinances were on the table to raise penalties for skateboarding in the city and ban skating from LOVE Park altogether. Skating, once an infraction which could bring, at worst, a \$25 ticket, became an offense punishable by tickets of up to \$300. The park was under constant police surveillance. In 2000, skating was banned on all Philadelphia public property. 2001 Municipal law 10-610 bans skateboarding "on public property unless use of a skateboard authorized by regulation, ordinance or statute..." and specifically prohibits skateboarding at LOVE Park and City Hall. "Everything was very cool before the mid-nineties," Heasley said, "but in the past few years skaters have had to get smart to skate the park and avoid the cops.

ing. Although LOVE Park was located just across

the street from City Hall, it was nearly invisible to

a haven in the park. Later, kids with skateboards

began frequenting the park, loving its stairways,

who didn't want to contend with crowds. It was a

secret hideout in the center of the city. As the

years passed, the park and skating became more

popular (today somewhere between 10 and 15

Park achieved a legendary status among skate-

boarders internationally. More skaters in the park,

though, meant skaters were more visible to police,

government officials, and businesspeople who

were not always sympathetic to skaters' use of

public spaces. As skating at LOVE Park reached its zenith in the 1990's, Philadelphia

began to come out of a decades-long recession

with increased business and population, especially in Center City. Businesses came to the neighbor-

hood surrounding LOVE Park, and for the first

time skaters had to make way for lunching busi-

nesspeople, dog walkers, and strollers. The

The park's disuse was an advantage for skaters

benches, and long stretches of tile.

THE MAYOR'S PLAN

The Mayor's office and the Fairmount Park Commission worked together to plan LOVE Park's "refurbishment" (Park Comr liaison Terry Rouse's term) over the Fall of 2001 and into Spring of 2002, and the project was sped along at a rather fast pace for a city matter. In April, City Hall and the Park Commission approved an \$800,000 plan to renovate the park. The new plan called for the removal of the skate-able benches and planters, as well as much of the

open granite tiling, and replacing them with keeping the space vibrant and occupied. stretches of grass, new planters and skater-proof (and theoretically homeless-proof) wooden By the 1980's, however, such organized events were distant memories, and while businesses benches. The idea is that the park, no longer of closed and people left town for the suburbs, Philadelphia's recession left city parks languishuse to skateboarders, can become a lunch-spot,

While this rencity officials and police. The city's homeless found ovation project close pays attention local residential and business expansion, it is troubling that little consideration was given million people skateboard worldwide), LOVE to the hunzens who were already using the park on a daily basis. Philadelphia's former mayor, Ed Rendell. pursued a slick

Sara Yokitis cast these skateboard tombstones for the "Free LOVE Park" protest in April.

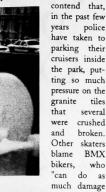
policy of attracting people, capital, and clout to the city by any means necessary. His successor John Street, who was endorsed by Rendell, has followed these policies almost to the letter, and Philadelphia has continued its rise from the ashes to become a thriving city and center of East Coast business and artistic culture. In this revival, LOVE Park lost its invisibility and became a contended public space rather than a haven.

dog park, and rest area for residents and workers.

Frank Keel, the mayor's spokesman, said, "no one wants these skaters in their neighborhood, even if they can't hear or see them most of the

According to Keel, "What is being transformed now is the battered, bruised and cracked desolation that was LOVE Park. This change was essential." While the park had fallen into disrepair, the overhaul is not merely a touch-up for a crumbling park but an essential rethinking of the park as a space for downtown residents and business people, not skateboarders. "Skaters weren't

responsible for the state the park was in," Keel added, "but they hastened its demise." Indeed, many of the stone edges of benches and walls in park had been worn and stained from skaters and bikers, but some believe skateboarders were only marginally responsible. Several local skaters



with their bikes

to that stone in one day as we can in a year," according to Brian

In the late months of 2001, the Phoenix apartment complex, housed in the historic Insurance Company of North America building directly across the street from LOVE Park, began a \$65 million renovation project to offer high-end housing for the city's professionals. The phrase the building uses in advertisements is "A Prestige Building at a Prestige Location." The main developer for the project is Daniel Keating, who gave \$39,500 to Mayor Street's campaign. Frank Keel noted that, "the space will be improved with the addition of grass and trees to make it more comfortable and useful for local workers and residents." It's no accident that this development project coincides with the beautification of the park, a renovation that will not only alter the look of the space but remove its two currently undesirable elements, the homeless and skateboarders. Keel commented earlier this year to the

Washington Post that there is "not one economic impact study nor any economic evidence that these skateboarding folks bring any money into city coffers." At the same time work was beginning on the Phoenix apartment building, a minorwork initiative championed by the Street administration was hungrily looking for urban works projects through which to employ people and make a noticeable impact on Philadelphia's physical makeup.

Many city planners and community advocates, as well as grass-roots skateboarder organiza-tions like the Franklin's Paine group, had been working through the late 1990's to slowly meld the city's plans for overhauling LOVE Park with plans that included skateboarders. Franklin's Paine is a non-profit organization that seeks donations from the private sector to build free public skate parks in Philadelphia. It is the only such organization in the Philadelphia area. Franklin's Paine was working with and advising the Center City District and Central Philadelphia Development Corporation, two organizations funded from the private sector and authorized as a municipal authority for contracting and maintenance projects on city grounds. Since CCD and CPDC have such a close affiliation with the City of Philadelphia, planning and tending to various projects all over center city, all parties assumed the LOVE Park renovation would go through them, ent contracting organizations, and within a couple of months, plans had been drawn and the Park Commission approved them.

The Inquirer reported that the contractor who landed the job was Synterra Ltd. Synterra's owner, Bill Wilson, who has donated \$86,000 to Street's mayoral campaign fund since 1996, took over the project in the fall of 2001. The entire renovation project will run somewhere in the vicinity of \$800,000 (although some estimate the project has ballooned to somewhere nearer \$1 million), but it is unclear how much Synterra is being paid. Wilson held a fundraiser for Street just three days

City Hall revealed its final proposal for the park, which included the firm in its plans. Wilson also on the Philadelphia Art Commission, which had to approve the LOVE Park project, although he abstained from voting. He is also currently attempting to get on the board of the Fairmount Park Commission, which was responsible for approving the final plans for the park. The architect chosen to head up the design of the park renovation was Darrell Kratzer of Buell Kratzer Powell. Kratzer has plans for beautifying many of the city's plazas, and LOVE Park was his first project to be accepted. Kratzer also donated \$3,000 to Street's 1999 campaign, according to the Inquirer

Brian Nugent, who worked with the city and

"THIS DESTRUCTION REPRESENTS A STATE OF MIND TOWARD " YOUNG PEOPLE THAT MUST NOT BE ALLOWED TO CONTINUE. - Edmund N. Bacon, former Director of City Planning and planner of LOVE Park

and city officials attended and coordinated the joint efforts for planning the park's renovation. Philadelphia already had one of the nation's best transition skate parks (with curves and ramps instead of benches and rails). FDR Park, under I-95 in South Philadelphia was built by skaters in the mid-1990's and has been successfully run by skaters ever since. LOVE Park remained Philadelphia's supreme and famed, if unofficial, street skating park. But with political and economic interests dominating the areas surrounding LOVE Park, little quarter was given to skaters when the Mayor's office, who had ultimate authority in the matter, began considering plans for the center city park's long overdue refurbishment in earnest. The Center City District ultimately severed its agreement with the city and with Franklin's Paine as it seemed clear they would not be chosen for the project. One source claimed Center City District saw the city's behavior as "a huge blunder," in neglecting the needs of skateboarders. While the Mayor's office tried to expedite the project, the Fairmount Park Commission, who had to approve any plans before building could start, realized the contentious nature of this location, and put the matter temporarily on hold while the Mayor's office established a concrete plan. Terri Rouse was chosen as liaison between the Mayor's office, the Fairmount Park Commission and the independthe Center City District before the fall of 2001 on plans to renovate LOVE Park and make the place amenable to both pedestrians and skaters, claimed, "We had been working with the city, but when something like this comes up, there's simply not the time and not enough of a network available to get information in the hands of skaters and, just as importantly, their parents." Yet the final plans that were accepted by the Fairmount Park Commission and the City did not include any considerations for skaters. Both the Mayor's office and the Park Commission, as represented by Terri Rouse, claimed accommodating skaters in the park's re-design would be "too costly.

With high-income housing across the street and more businesses moving into the area, it will be surprising if the park doesn't get more pedestrian traffic from workers and residents looking for shade and a place to eat or walk pets. Interestingly, the park has been off-limits to lunchers since 1997, when it was determined that the large rodent problem made eating there unsanitary (the park only received a clean bill of health on the park's re-opening). Thus arguments made that LOVE's refurbishment was made to serve lunchers may be partially true, even while eating lunch in the park was just as illegal as skating it. Frank Keel notes that there are plans for "a series of entertainment events [to] be held in the park." But where will the skaters go? Many com-



munity members see the loss of skaters in center city as indicative of an anaesthetizing of the urban center. Edmund Bacon commented "citizens and skateboarders will both get the notion that this sport is an outcast activity. It was essential that the park was located in the very center of the city.'

A FORTUNE FOUND UNDERGROUND

In summer 2001 Philadelphia hosted ESPN's extreme sport competition, the X-Games. The X-Games brought several hundred thousand visitors to the city of Philadelphia to see pros of skateboarding, biking and other 'extreme' sports compete. The event garnered around \$40 million in revenue for the city. Since 1994 the X-Games have become a worldwide phenomenon, attracting millions of viewers and spectators, and making skating, BMX riding and other sports into multi-million dollar enterprises. The X-Games also have a history of choosing cities with active underground cultures to host the events, adding a sheen of legitimacy to what many in skateboarding, biking and other alternative sports consider to a soulless commodification of their culture. Philadelphia was chosen because the city had such a long and storied history of skating and offered the requisite arenas for the competition, including FDR Park, LOVE, and several other arenas in suburban areas. Not only did Philadelphia welcome this celebration of extreme sports and skating, but the city government also welcomed pro skaters and camera crews to its own City Hall and LOVE Park, locations officially on any other days of the year.

A newly elected Mayor John Street, chumming with pros like local legend and entrepreneur Kerry Getz, even posed for publicity shots at LOVE Park. All over town were superstars of the sport like Tony Hawk, whose ProSkater video game series has been the best-selling game in the country and features two Philly skate parks prominently, opening the game with a digital replication of LOVE Park. According to Fortune, the games have earned Activision an estimated million. Exposure on national television made Philadelphia seem a center of youth culture. Of course, when the cameras stopped rolling, skateboarding at City Hall and LOVE again became a crime. The further loss of LOVE Park as a skateable space seems, to many, a deliberate barring of youth culture from the city center. This destruction represents a state of mind toward young people that must not be allowed to continue," commented Edmund Bacon, adding that the thriving culture of skateboarding was an indicator that the space he designed was not only successful, but provided an enrichment for the city. But the city is clear that while it is happy to host the X-Games, the issue of local skating is not relevant. "The folks from the X-Games haven't raised so much as a whisper about this issue," said Frank Keel, "They are here for Philadelphia's amenities and stature, not for LOVE Park."

Philadelphia inked another deal to host the es in 2002 just weeks before condemning LOVE's future as a skate spot. The skate commu nity has always resisted nationally sanctioned events and competitions, and now local and national skaters are planning to boycott the X-Games. "I despise the X-Games' existence" pro claims Franklin's Paine's Brian Nugent. "They disrespect the competitors and they disrespect the sport. Their demographic is kids between 6 and 12 anyway, so why would they care about LOVE? They're selling the video game version of skating." However, the X-Games include information about the closing of LOVE in their website, EXPN.com, and host a forum where Philadelphia natives and professional skaters Stevie Williams and Josh Kalis urge fans and pros to boycott the games. During the forum Williams said, "They're making \$40 million off the X Games. They could at least give us a park... Damn. They're killing the whole next generation, it's crazy man, these kids are progressing faster then we were when we were ng up. And stopping something like that could ruin something that's great. But they don't even see it." Kalis concurred, adding "I'm not going to skate [in the X-Games]... I don't think ESPN would have had any appeal to Philly if Love Park wasn't around... It took years of people like Stevie blowin' up Love for Philly to get the recognition that it got. And for Philadelphia to turn around and just get rid of it... They wanted to do that to us, so we're just thinking that Philadelphia doesn't deserve the X Games. And Philly isn't giving back to where it came from."
Kerry Getz was the big winner at last year's games, but told the Inquirer that he too would be boycotting this year's event. Philadelphia natives like Williams, Kalis, and Getz have declared that that other skaters boycott the games in protest of LOVE's redesign. The core audience for the X-Games is decidedly younger and less politically interested than those who skated LOVE or will be affected by its loss. The success of skateboarding has fomented a disconnect between its roots in underground culture and alternative politics and its commercial potential.



It is worth reiterating Frank Keel's sentiment that skateboarding brings no money "into city coffers" when analyzing the significance of the X-Games to LOVE Park. City parks, as a rule, are not money-making ventures, but elements the city provides to improve the quality of life of its citizens and promote sport, leisure, and the arts. However, if one can draw a direct line from

skaters at LOVE Park or FDR to the X-Games, then these prove exceptions to the rule, and display that parks can indeed provide plenty of money to cities. In the course of research for this article, neither the city nor the X-Games would comment on any correlation between the reconfiguration of LOVE Park and the X-Games' relationship with the city of Philadelphia. Although the X-Games have posted information on their rebsite regarding the ongoing debate over LOVE Park, their representatives declined to comment officially on the issue, instead remarking that "the city of Philadelphia has been very good to us, and whatever is happening with LOVE Park is a city

Franklin's Paine, the Fairmount Park Commission and other municipal leaders and community advocates to determine a replacement for LOVE Park. Although the mayor's office supports "smaller, neighborhood parks peppered throughout the city" to meet skaters' needs, it is clear that a large park would alleviate much of the criticism being leveled against the city by press and skaters. Several locations were scouted, but few had the advantages of LOVE Park's space or convenience. The location currently appearing to be the best fit lies between the Philadelphia Museum of Art and I-76. It is a large area, big enough to hold as many skaters as LOVE once

WE'RE EXCITED ABOUT THE CITY'S APPARENT DEVOTION TO GETTING THIS DONE, BUT WE NEED MORE HELP GETTING MONEY OR THIS COULD TAKE YEARS. ") - Brian Nugent of Franklin's Paine

matter. While skateboarders may not themselves bring money to the city of Philadelphia, without the city's status as a skateboarding center it is unlikely Philadelphia would have attracted the X-Games, or the bounty of tourists, acclaim, and money that comes with them.

EVERYTHING BUT THE MONEY

The past few years have seen various grassroots efforts, from fundraising concerts to letterwriting campaigns, to save LOVE Park and to he municipal government for more sk able spaces in and around Philadelphia. Brian Nugent helped establish the Franklin's Paine organization several years ago with hopes of turning LOVE Park into a legal skate spot and creating "free unsupervised public street skating urban plazas," all across the city. Franklin's Paine seeks to ensure that the city will listen to these requests rather than acting expeditiously to create a park that is useless to skaters.

Philadelphia's other great skate park, FDR, illustrates the importance of consultation with skaters in the design of a skate park. When FDR became a designated skate spot, the city built a few challenging and poorly placed obstacles. No one working for the city had the foggiest notion of how to design, build, or operate a skate park that would be useful enough for beginners, challenging for experts, and safe and easy for everyone. As a result, the park was almost completely unused until some local skaters got together money and materials and began crafting a concrete park with ramps, half-pipes, and pool-like curves. In the case of FDR, the Park Commission ultimately came to work with skaters. They offered construction equipment and learned from skaters what went into a successful and logical skate park design. Today the park stands as a testament to grassroots know-how and skill, and is one of the country's only skate parks built and maintained by skaters that remains free and open

During May and June of 2002 the mayor took a tour of Philadelphia's most popular skate spots and parks, and held a number of meetings with did and sufficiently far from residential areas (though certainly far enough to prove difficult to reach using public transportation). Now that a deal is all but finalized, Franklin's Paine has to

come up with the money. The city has always been clear that it will not donate any money to a new skate park, and has been slow in connecting Franklin's Paine with potential donors. Franklin's Paine, which as yet doesn't even have money for an office (all donations have been funneled into projects, like a small skate park in Jenkintown, built in 2001), faces raising m tion for the proposed park. "We're excited about the city's apparent devotion to getting this done," said Franklin's Paine's Brian Nugent, "but we need more help getting money, or this could take

WAITING AND SKATING ON CITY HALL

In early June Patrick Kerr was skating with his brother near his home in Northeast Philadelphia when he was struck and killed by a tractor-trailer. The 15 year-old was an experienced skater, and had logged countless hours at LOVE Park before its closing, but skating just blocks from his home a misstep ended in tragedy. While it would be easy to claim that his death could have been prevented if LOVE were still available, such a claim's glibness would dishonor the young man's legacy and help no one. Thankfully, it appears the city of Philadelphia, sorrowed over Kerr's death and eager to make things right with skaters, will soon decide on some course of action to convert city spaces into skate parks, and sooner still name a replacement location for LOVE Park.

Meanwhile, the faithful and persistent skaters of the city of Philadelphia have moved their homebase just a few dozen yards from LOVE Park. In the absence of their beloved park, they skate the next best thing: City Hall. On July 3, 2002 LOVE Park was re-opened with its new look and a musical concert, which the mayor's office claimed would become a regular Wednesday occurrence. A temporary skate park,

erected by the city at a cost of \$20,000 just two blocks from LOVE and consisting of a small halfpipe in a gated lot that is supervised and requires pads is meant to alleviate some of the tension between City Hall and skaters longing to return to their former home. Most days the space lies empty. One skater admitted "we have been skating LOVE all along at odd hours of the morning. They put in these new features that are supposed to be unskateable, but you can still skate or of it." Many skaters have vowed to keep skating the park until they're dragged away in handcuffs.

The fight over LOVE Park, as it has been outlined by the city, is not a fight against skateboarders but a fight to accommodate businesses and residents, and to serve the forces that enrich the city, making it a place that can offer beautiful public spaces to all. Whatever its sins against the initial design of LOVE Park or against the skaters that once called it home, the new LOVE Park is, at least for now, a lovely place. More trees, grassy expanses and rows of flowers make the spot a lovely respite from the abominable architecture that dominates most of Center City Philadelphia. At the same time, many residents have noticed that for all its improvements, the park does not appear to be worth its million-dollar price tag. A police officer standing sentry at the park noticed that "It sure doesn't look like they spent a million dollars here. It looks nice, but where did that million dollars go, into the grass and trees and benches?" If and when the replacement skate park is built near the Art Museum (and this seems almost inevitable), it will have some of the same advantages as LOVE (perfected skating tops phy and a striking view of the city) and even some of LOVE's legendary benches and planters, which the city is storing for this purpose. However, simply building a new skate park is not an answer to



oduces the sport to an elderly protester "If I was younger, I'd be doing this every day," she

the loss of LOVE Park or other urban skating areas (the Embarcadero in San Francisco, Pulaski Park in D.C.). The delicate balance of LOVE

Park was the fact that, while it was a perfectly laid out skate park, it was not an officially sanctioned location, but was anonymous, and partially illicit. Urban skaters don't want to be supervised when they skate, don't want to sign a contract, and don't want to be told what protective gear to wear.

Perhaps more importantly, LOVE Park was an integral part of Philadelphia's landscape, not an artificially added location. The beauty of the place was its ability to meet the needs of the city's citizens in spite of itself.

Over the summer of 2002, Franklin's Paine is hoping to raise about \$1 million in order to build a skate park in Philadelphia that will stand in the place of LOVE Park. The group has hired an architect who has taken the time to learn what makes a skate park work, how the traffic of skaters nust flow through obstacles and flat stretches. Franklin's Paine has even determined a number of schematics for various free spaces that the city could offer. All that remains is for the city to give the go-ahead.

Personal experiences of geographic space are hard to pin down. How do you quantify the difference between standing on a mountain peak and sitting in a subway station? Is there an accurate explanation for the pride and affection one feels for places that, by familiarity or gravity, become a art of oneself although they are never owned, inhabited, or even marked recognizably as special places? As we move through life we collect such locations in memory. They achieve an almost iconic status: the roller rink, the train trestle, the fire escape, the abandoned car in the woods. Some there alone or you alone are the keeper of the memory. Other places you share, and often these can be the most moving locations, the most compelling memories since they offer not only the value of the collective imagination, but a shared impact, in some cases with people you have never met. The physical spaces of our world, apart from politics and tragedy, are something we expect will continue to be there, as they have always been, welcoming us with beauty or ugliness, but not really changing. But things do change, and whether by simple nostalgia or verifiable resentment we resist this change as often as we champion it. Thus the saga of LOVE Park, a location that was built half a century ago to celebrate the city of Philadelphia. By the time of its reconstruc tion in April of 2002, it had become an unintended home. The park stood as a glorious mistake in urban planning and a veritable miracle of urban symbiosis and adaptation. And on a very basic level, it was a beautiful place. It was beautiful to look at but also beautiful by virtue of its relationship to the people that used the space and made it their own.

There is currently a zero tolerance policy at LOVE Park regarding skates, bikes and skateboards. There is an indefinitely imposed 24 houra-day police presence in the park, and no one is allowed to walk onto park grounds carrying a board. The city has still not agreed on a location for the new park.

Drawing by Jim Comey Photographs by Scott Minson.

went to meet Tony on a Wednesday night around 8:30 pm at his frame shop, a brick one-story garage. Tony, with his clever though spastic wit, is not nearly as cutesy as the name of his frame shop-- Nunn Nicer Framer - would suggest. The large front window, a homemade picture frame behind fluorescent lights, displays a rumpled Tony sitting in his Lazy Boy in the center of the room, his television flickering. Surrounded by his prints of brown-headed birds and 19th Century ladies, frame remnants and loose papers, it is sometimes difficult to separate this stagnant image from a photograph. It is hard to see if he is still breathing. He is deceivingly still, a daily portrait for Pine Street passersby.

This night, underneath the hanging closed sign, was a crude note for me: "Meet me around the corner" and a funny sketch of a man eating. I found Tony in front of his neighborhood Cuban restaurant, decidedly out of place amidst the relaxed other eaters, nervously fidgeting under the street lamp. Tony exudes a sort of spontaneous personality. This is a man who posts signs on every street corner asking "Who's steady Eddie?" A man who the day after 9/11 blamed the 'frogs' for everything. A man proud to wear a floral hat bedecked with buttons and badges.

I am here to ask Tony's opinion of his neighborhood, Antique Row, the area defined as the streets between 9th and Broad, Lombard to Spruce. He

opens by stating his preference for London, "the best city in the world," or at the very least, Manhattan. Tony believes Philadelphia is a "cocooned city" where the transportation between neighborhoods is difficult and expensive. These separate regions prevent people from venturing out of their own little sector. He lives with his brother a block away from his Nunn Nicer shop. Removed trolley lines and inefficient transit upset Tony, for he feels he cannot navigate other areas of the city easily, or cheaply. And even if he could, where would he go now? "The theaters are gone, this used to be a theater town" but now former hot spots like 59th and Market are empty. Regular trolleys used to run north and south from 2nd to 18th street, which kept people mobile. Tony now seems content with staying on Antique Row. And though he feels safe on Pine Street he still defines limits, never daring to walk down the numerous "skinny black streets, even though a mugger wouldn't even be able to see you to mug

"First thing you gotta do is take all the [antique] dealers on this block and shoot them down like DOGS!" Tony has a sense of humor about his business community, yet he appreciates the merchant to resident ratio found on Pine Street, the heart of the 'hood. Compared to South Street, just two blocks south, Pine Street still maintains the integrity of "at least ten residents" above every store. Tony detests the

welcome to the neighborhood TONY DEMALIS, PINÊ ST. FRAMER Otherwise known as Steady Eddie, & Available Jones NUNN NICER FRAMER, 10TH & PINE STREETS, ANTIQUE ROW His theories on dogs, frogs, & coffee

BY LAURA COXSON

plastic peddlers and mall-atmosphere that South Street exudes, preferring the tree-lined Pine Streets more subdued shopping.

Tony crisscrosses numerous neighborhood haunts daily. Much of his free time is spent joking with the workers of Metropolitan Bakery a block away, stealing coffee and writing cryptic notes in their mailing list/comments book under the pseudonym "Available Jones." He avoids the hip Last Drop Coffee shop as they play that damned 'disco' music, Stellar Coffee serves French, i.e. bad, coffee. He prefers when "the coffee shops were for the cultured and the bars were for men." Now too many kids frequent both. He likes pizza at Paolo's, and hates Dirty Frank's because he's been banned for the past fifteen years. Supposedly he punched a bartender, but as only one of his arms is fully functional Tony loves the irony that he would even be able to do such a thing. Even funnier that they maintain the ban. Tony enjoys the idea of being hated in the neighborhood. He would rather be known for causing trouble, even if he were not.

Tony became excited when talking about dogs. He has a theory that only in Philadelphia and "gay Paree" do dogs "crap on your shoe and shit on the sidewalk" psychedelically it seems, with "rainbow-colored poop." Whereas in much more refined New York, dogs know to "crap in the curb." Worse than dog behavior though is the lack of twenty-four hour food nearby -"where the hell can you find a good breakfast?" It was

difficult for Tony to move back to Philly from New York, but people "often move back to where they're from." Tony once worked as an art lecturer at a City college, and also traveled advocating rights for public school teachers. Returning to Philadelphia, he played an integral part in creating Antique Row by writing the HARBA charter (Historic Antique Row Business Association). He rallied for the right to sell merchandise on the sidewalk. Amidst all his forward movement he's also managed to keep his own business running for the past twenty years.

Antique Row has mutated recently. What was once a booming post-Depression furniture wholesale bonanza is now a ghost town with mostly second-rate antiques and the new kind of merchant who sells knick-knacks. Gone are the huge trucks loading and unloading the wares for urban dwellers. Now the dealers leave the city to bring back furniture. The neighborhood has been redefined, its necessity undermined, its future of turning into another South Street a constant threat. Tony belongs to the neighborhood though he is sadly written off as that crazy kook who causes trouble and is banned from bars. People know Tony, they wave to him, they peer in at him watching television on their way home, and they wonder what the hell is he doing. He has become an enigmatic picture, letting the street pass him by though he cares not to look out anymore.

Drawing by Jim Comey. Photograph by Laura Coxson



from 1026, page 1

extraordinary degree of freedom to install the show as they saw fit. While this is not the first time a mainstream gallery has represented "outsider" art or artists (in fact, many of the people in this show had been a part of other ICA related shows in the past, which is how this one came about), Scratch off the Serial is notable how much control the artists had in representing themselves and collaboratively curating their own work. The exhibit opens with a timeline

of Space 1026's history, a dense maze of information with pictures of notable openings, dates when various members joined, and significant moments for individuals or for the group. There are pictures of sanding the floors, rewiring the ceiling, and an opening night that looked so much like a dance party that the authorities shut it down. Space 1026 has always functioned with a community oriented, democratic spirit, and even this small timeline is no exception: scrawled over the press-type captions are hand-written notes, corrections, and addendums to the official text. The timeline bends around two corners, screening the main exhibition space from view until the viewer has walked through all of 1026's history. The last wall of the timeline space is

its own mini-gallery, featuring posters for music and art shows made in the 1026 screen-printing studio. In keeping with their collaborative and somewhat anarchic approach to art-making, none of the posters are signed, and no labels name individual cre-

The timeline elicited some mixed feelings. In one way, it seemed to bring an element of nostalgic closure to the whole 1026 experience, as if the whole project had been great, fun, and had now peaked at this (mid-career) retrospective. On the other hand, it introduced Space 1026 to all the viewers who weren't already familiar with it; more importantly, it created a context in which to view the rest of the exhibit. The timeline was a way of making a visit to the ICA as much as possible like a visit to Space 1026

Regardless of how you felt at the end of the timeline, when it finally spilled you out into the show, it was hard not to be overwhelmed. Jake Henry's wall painting/installation, "Sometimes the Only Difference Between Boyhood" and "Manhood Is the Costume You Wear and the Way You Play With Dirt," was strikingly visible out of the corner of your eye, stretching all the way to the 42-foot ceiling; Jim Houser's multi-faceted skate-ramp, with too many points of

visual entry to count, was right in your face; immediately to your right was a huge, blue airplane. The main space of the show had a number of free-standing constructions along with different sets of paintings, photographs, music, or video. "Originally, each person was supposed to make some kind of 3-D hut," explains Woodward, "because we just wanted it to be more than paintings on the wall." It turned out that making a full-size, 3-D building was too much for some people, but all twenty-seven people used their space in characteristically creative ways. Dan Murphy, the soft-spoken photographer and calligrapher behind the publication Stuck on the Map, built his own one-person shed, with a small seat to sit in and glance through all three issues of Stuck, and the walls decorated with prints from the zine. Jeff Wiesner, who publishes Double Negative, constructed his own replica of a newsstand to distribute his mag-

with newsboxmusic installation, a basement replica, a carrot-patch, a video Philadelphia

azine, complete

would do if they happened upon Osama bin Laden, a sculpture - made of milk crates - of two symmetric scorpions facing off.

In the middle of the floor space was one notable installation - Jesse Goldstein's Republican Guard, a small, cardboard cut-out army of Roman guards, faces pasted over with portrait drawings of America's business leaders, pulled right from the The Wall Street Journal. All arrayed together, they were a formidable legion. "I'm interested in political art that doesn't instruct people, but inspires thinking about politics," says Goldstein. Besides his new model army, Goldstein also included a poster he screened showing George W. Bush as a medieval knight on horseback, with the large caption above: "In the fight against Evil, Good will win." The poster is vague and very unset-tling; as intended, you can't really tell what the maker of the piece stands

for, or what the poster is telling you (if anything), but it definitely makes you think about current events.

Also of particular note is that huge blue airplane that sits just to the right on the entrance. Nick Santore's "Interior Window View" is a stunning piece - a huge canvas, bisected by the frame, which looks outside onto the refueling plane from the windows at the gate. The precision and detail are arrestingly realistic, and the whole thing is washed over in multiple hues of blue and grey, very silent and still, very seascape-like. Everything in it seems to glow. In the top panel of the frame the blue sky is laced over with the reflection of the fluorescent ceiling lamps from inside the terminal; they are so faint as to be almost invisible, but after floating through the blue world of mini-trucks and luggage cars and refueling pipes below, they are a tiny reminder that you're still

Boys with rifles pace the drab banks cracked with winter drought, the mutt in the truck raises hackles, the brown vinyl seats turn gray, the smell of bleach, the windless heat, old knotted twine pales and frays like a live wire, boots print cuneiform in the flaking clay. The alligator blinks.

A chrome/blond flash, a burning hiss, a stain oils to the surface, a silver zero widens, a single kinetic curse: metal.

-- SARAH SCHECKTER



financial dominance, the city was embracing an architecture that expressed its own complexity and

THE EMPTY SHELL ON CHESTNUT STREET

n 1927, the Keystone was home to bookstores dentists, detectives, attorneys, and lumber companies. The building survived the death of its nchor tenant, but succeeded as a general office building, home to more than 150 tenants. It had lost almost half of of these by 1937. In spite of a resurgence of usage in the mid 1940's, by 1950 there were only 19 tenants in this bustling building. The decline of tenants coincided with the gradual decline in the Philadelphia economy, which plunged dramatically with the Great Depression. Philadelphia lost an estimated \$5 billion, and it the value of its taxable real estate fell 30 percent between 1932 and 1941.

This monumental loss of capital, was the death knell for an office building without an anchor tenant. After the second world war, an exodus of jobs and housing to the suburbs left the Hale building widowed. Chestnut Street was the focus of an urban renewal initiative in the 1970's; with widened sidewalks and new trees, the Hale building was no longer an office building but the

CITIES WITHIN CITIES: THE OFFICES OF TODAY

he Keystone is no longer compatible with I our idea of an office building, shaped by changes in technology and the real estate market. Today, offices have the unique ability to sequester themselves from the daily turmoil of the rest of the city. It isn't only that most offices are situated in corporate parks hours away from the city's wage taxes and blight. Even downtown offices are transforming themselves into insulated suburban environments; geographically urban, but separate in most every other respect. Investigating the continuing aftereffects of September 11th on New York City's downtown, The New York Times declared "Hold the Mayo, and the Sandwich: Exchange Bans Deliveries." Published in late November, the article told how high security in Wall Street office towers cleaved a devastating gap between the stock exchange and the delivery men who brought their food, leading to the gradual death of delicatessens which depend on funneling food into these giant glass behemoths.

building gym is a relatively recent perk which coincides nicely with the newfound isolation of office parks, an isolation heightened by the fact that the modern office worker commutes by automobile. The further one's workplace is from the rest of one's life, the more one's workplace needs to provide certain functions which he would otherwise find at home or on the street. The Keystone is short enough that even those who work on its top floors can walk the flights of stairs This building was never meant to act as a city with in a city, as it appears all too many of our new work spaces are.

With office buildings leaping into the sky, and the very business dynamics behind their construc tion altered, Willis Gaylord Hale and his archi tectural aberrations are no longer representative of a Philadelphia skyline. We pull buildings up from the earth in an attempt to solidify our desires, and give home to our needs. The Hale Building no longer echoes our broader cultural understanding of workplaces. Now our office buildings fly upwards into the night or sprawl languidly over pastures, and are sheathed in glass and smooth stone. What we forget when we move along with progress, is not only how we used to think in the past, but how we clothed those thoughts in raiments.

[1] This and all other Record quotes from: Architectural Aberrations: No. 9 - The Hale Building" Architectural Record, 3 (October-December 1893).

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T h eG h o s t sC a p i t a l

from KEYSTONE, page 1

when rounding the corner south on Juniper, stay close to the Keystone, preferring to walk beside its high stone base, rather then along the half-empty store fronts that line the eastern side of the alley. Littered with faded graffiti, the base supports a block of dirty gray boards, hiding the Keystone's once magnificent windows. Rows of these windows and rounded balconies run alongside Juniper, climbing up seven stories until they reach the roof, studded with the stumps of chimneys. The Keystone forms the western wall of the desolate canyon that is Juniper Street, whose walls are a dull yellow ochre, with faded splashes of once brilliant red bricks.

No longer an anchor presence on the street, the Keystone is the skeletal remains of a bank that once breathed capital out of its mighty lungs. Its headquarters was a legacy bequeathed to the city by the Keystone National Bank, another link in Philadelphia's neglected architectural heritage. Each of our buildings acts both as a portal into our own history and as a vestige of public memory. For what other reason do we fetishize the Betsy Ross House and Independence Hall, if not for our desire to be connected to the past they once

MONEY MELTS BUT STONE SURVIVES

Philadelphia's reputation as an industrial giant was deeply tied to its strong financial sector. Most of the capital funding for manufacturing and commerce was drawn from local banks. The city in the late 19th century was rich banking soil, sprouting the Bank of America, the State Bank and fostering the growth of older concerns like the Philadelphia National Bank. By 1875, Philadelphia had approximately 40 banks, 28 of them national, with a combined capital of \$16,735,000.

In 1883, eight years after its founding, Keystone National Bank had grown to such a point as to require a landmark headquarters. The bank was following the lead of companies all over the United States when it moved to 1326 Chestnut, both as anchor tenant and landlord for the businesses which occupied the rest of the seven floors. The Keystone building itself was a brazen form of advertisement, proudly broadcast ing the anchor tenant's brand within the urban medium. Moreover, the construction itself was a signal that the company had come into its own and was financially successful. Landmark compa ny buildings were an important factor in 19th century business and were the precursors to the skyscrapers of today. The maturation of such strong financial and industrial empires signaled a new kind of urban growth, an increasingly vertical

The success of Keystone National Bank was not long lived. By 1891 Keystone National Bank filed false reports with the Comptroller of the Currency, trying to weather a stock exchange

panic. In 1891 the Bank's officers were indicted. Four years later their former home was no longer known as the Keystone National Bank building, but rather the Hale building, named for its archi tect. Hired to capture the bank's solidity and permanency in stone, the architect's name and his design outlived his client

> A CHIMERA BOMBINATING IN A VACUUM: HALE'S ARCHITECTURAL VISION

William Gaylord Hale, the Keystone National Bank's architect, remained active in the city's architectural scene up until his retirement. Hale designed over 30 buildings within the bounds of Center City alone. The Girard Life Insurance Annuity and Trust Company, The Quaker City National Bank, and the United

Security Company Bank were all designed by Hale. He also designed buildings important to daily civic life in Philadelphia; the Philadelphia Athletic Club, the new Masonic Temple at 7th and Chestnut, the Garrick Theater and the Walnut Street Theater, among others. Hale's work was integrated into every part of the social fabric of industrial Philadelphia. His unique vision shaped where people lived, how they worked, and how they enjoyed them

ing of the Philadelphia landscape were similar to the rest of the Philadelphia's street-scape. The styles characterized Philadelphia architects as Willis Gaylord Hale were akin to those of their more famous contemporary, Frank Furness. Their idiosyncratic styles, crafted in Philadelphia, moved the Architectural Record to proclaim:

"There is nothing of which your Philadelphian architect is so much afraid as of monotony... The worst thing about these dreadful buildings, for there are others nearly or quite as bad as the Hale building, is that so far from being venerated by the community they satirize, they are regarded in Philadelphia with a fatuous complacency. About the time that the Record Buildings [another Hale building, at 9th and Chestnut] was considered in these pages, an illustrated newspaper actually contained, with views of the several office buildings Philadelphia, an article in which a patriotic Philadelphia point with pride to the monstrosities of Chestnut street and advised

architects of other cities to go to Philadelphia and see how picturesque a commercial building might become in the hands of a man of genius. The Hale Building is probably more esteemed by Philadelphians than ... real examples of architectural design." [1]

Their brand of eclecticism, a manifold assemblage of Moorish, Medieval and Renaissance styles - ridiculed nationally, but loved in Philadelphia - is a hallmark of many of Hale's buildings. Most late 19th century architects in Philadelphia met with national scorn, and local

The Architectural Record, implicitly attempting to establish itself as the arbiter of architectural taste, saw fit to lambaste Hale's Keystone, going on to complain that his buildings were a "restless



Telling stories with the angel of death

Houses and silos alone too long have a way of turning back into trees.

Squat by a field's edge. Make yourself a road winding clear to Talbot County. Make yourself

a bony oak; strain that live off deer and fox. Your eyes are stolen

from an eagle. Your eyes are stolen from an owl. Stars are white corn stubble. In eighty-two you fell in love

with one red field where soy was left to winter. Making a round word. Auburn

Other words in February clink; are sharp. Bitter. Dim. You've built your house of words like these. Out in

the yard, a hum of auburn; a radio tuned neither to one station nor quite to another.

- MC HYLAND * * * * * * * * * jumble" of arches, windows and roofs which "reek with architecture." Hale's roofs are busy places with myriads of chimneys and windows. They tended to have a passing resemblance to petrified tree trunks growing out the side of slate slopes His grand entrances are replete with vaguely Moorish arches.

The attacks leveled against Philadelphia architecture by the Record in 1893, were aimed at its lack of order, irrationality and inability to follow the traditions of architecture. It is no surprise the irrepressible reckless eclecticism of Hale's architecture would garner such opposition from a Victorian public which embraced rigidity in its moral and aesthetic systems.

While the Record might accuse Hale and Furness of "Evidently [having] the draughtsmen work in nearly everything that caught the eye of their principals ... hav[ing] worked them in the sense of adjoining them, without relevancy or congruity," there was in fact a rather deep aesthetic principle which these architects were following. Philadelphia architecture was drawing on a revolution that occurred in Paris at the Ecole Des Beaux art where Richard Morris Hunt, Frank Furness's mentor, studied. The rift was between the "ancients," conservative classicists, and the revolutionary "moderns," who rejected the Grecophilia of the classicists and wanted architecture to reflect the spirit of its time rather than immutable ideals of the good and beautiful. The moderns defined the history of art as a process alive with evolutionary change and in constant flux. They felt that classical forms were insufficient to express the modern age, and that new forms were needed. Richard Morris Hunt embraced these teachings and passed them down to Hale's generation of American architects.

The teaching of Richard Morris Hunt coin cided with the growing influence of the writer John Ruskin, who was considered to be America's leading aesthetic theorist. It was during the 1860's, when Hale first started working with Samuel Sloan in Philadelphia, that Ruskin was reaching the height of his popularity. Journals were founded which espoused his theory, and many painters of the Hudson River School adopt ed his philosophies. A generation before Hale broke ground on Chestnut Street, Ruskin was pushing aesthetic theory past the Victorian obsession with symmetrical order. His calls for experimentation, complexity and massiveness in art anticipated the chaotic beauty of the Hale building that escaped the jaded eyes of the Record's crit-

Despite the disgust which many critics felt towards the Ruskian bent of Philadelphian Architecture, the city's people themselves not only lauded the architecture, but demanded more. Philadelphians adored the rich complexity of the buildings, their distinct weight and gravity, and their rich textures. Chestnut Street became a showcase of Ruskian architecture, with two more Hale buildings and over 15 by Frank Furness During the height of Philadelphia's industrial and backdrop to retail establishments.

Whether there is a single restaurant or an entire mall on the first floor, few of Philadelphia's office workers have to leave their climate controlled corridors for food, water, sunlight, or even exercise. Most buildings not only have places to refill on calories, but they also provide their employees with spaces to burn them off. The



MANNAMAN MAN

SALSOLITO – 602 SOUTH STREE Eat football-sized burritos and con-BREAD & INK verse with Sal at this South Street eatery. After spending all day in the forest Or maybe you should just stick to the

(felling trees for the pulp) and all night burritos. I'm Sal's boy, and he might not in the foundry (casting steel for the type) be as nice to you. There are no pictures of the Editors require a unique species of the Yucatan on the walls here. The décor provision: Something that fattens our is raw Home Depot, as the emphasis is constitutions without thinning our on the food, which, if this were a heavy metal magazine, might be described as a E ACTACTACTAC

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PINE STREET PIZZA - 12TH & PINE

There are always so many cops in this place. It gives me the creeps. But the pizza's worth it. It is served on a wooden disk. It looks like that weird roller rink variety of pizza, but it actually tastes quite delicious.

CENTER CITY PRETZEL CO. - 816 WASHINGTON AVE.

Who wants a pretzel that's been sitting on a rack for four hours? Not me. I demand perfection in all things, snacks included. I eat them only at the absolute peak of their freshness, the very moment they've been plucked from a conveyor belt and stuffed hot into a bag, their doughy innards still molten from the fires of creation. Enough, I say, of the retail pretzel. Let this proletarian treat be enjoyed straight off the factory line!

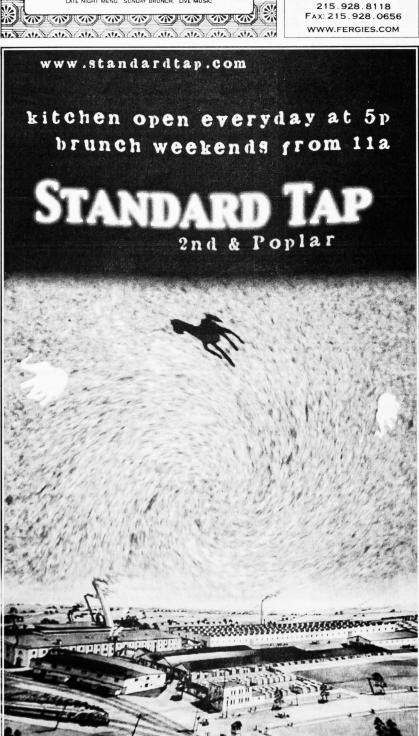


"WE'RE NOT PRETENDING!

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1214 SANSOM STREET PHILADELPHIA, PA 19107 215.928.8118



AN EATER'S DIGEST.

The Chef's Report

Magazine at 2020 Walnut

This glossy spread is bound for perfection

BY SONIIA SPECTOR

 $R_{always}^{estaurant}$ reviews have dweller's living room. With its 25 me. or so seats (including bar), you broken. This doesn't happen in one time or another. every case. I've seen plenty of also seen them get torn apart, then defy everyone's expectations and turn into a profitable business. What interests me the most is the amount of people that pay such close attention, and allow these reviews to dictate where they are or are not going to dine. I've been guilty of this myself, reading a poor review and subconsciously vowing not to even

This way of thinking began to change when I started seeing my name and the names of my friends mentioned in these reviews. Whether we are chefs, managers, or proprietors, these words about our work have now become personal. People seem to forget the guts, dreams, money, and hard work that go into opening a new restaurant. Don't we deserve more opinions written in a paper?

Wanting to open a place of my own someday, my main objective is to get more people to eat out more often. With so many new restaurants saturating the city, this is the only chance for their survival. It is not my place or my goal to point out my negative experiences to people. I am more concerned with giving readers a reason to try a new spot, than to tell someone what I like and don't like. I want you to see the people at the heart of these establishments I say, get out and try something new, and form your own opinions. After all, on any given occasion, different people will have different opinions.

In my quest to find new places towards Magazine, a sweet little spot at 2029 Walnut St. Owned by David Carroll, owner of Bar Noir, with chef Peter Dunmire running the kitchen it is a new place to be reckoned with. Upon walking in, Magazine could be confused with many a city

Someone visits a new restaurant a can't help but feel welcome and few times, critiques the food, cozy. Entire staff is friendly and service, and décor, and in a matter comfortable, unlike so many timid of weeks a place can be made or or pretentious we have all seen at

Magazine's full bar makes it restaurants get wonderful reviews, easy to dive right into a drink if then close within two years. I've you have to wait for a table. The soft blue lighting throughout the dining room is surprisingly flattering to the most eclectic crowd I have seen in one place in a long time. Young and old, suits and ties, jeans and tattoos, it all melts together into everyone seeming to have a good time. Now for the ever so important

part, the food. Let's just say I

could eat here at least three times

a week. Peter's menu covers all bases: comfort, healthy, heavy, light, seasonal, global, fresh. All words that come to mind. And that doesn't even include the nightly specials. I had beet soup that made a beet taste better than ever remembered. The tuna tartare with baby greens and wasabi vinaigrette was so fresh and clean-tasting. The goat than just one or two people's cheese tart was a pleasant surprise. Having passed up the traditional dry pastry shell one would expect, the chef encased the warm cheese mixture in flaky, buttery phyllo. I had a Caesar salad (usually not worth mentioning) with so much flavor and crunch, it will be difficult not to compare it to every Caesar I have from now on. The gnocchi was a huge, filling serving, but comfort food all the way. For dessert, the raspberry sorbet was taken in a little different direction with crème anglaise A wonderful combination I might not have tried myself. The apple crisp was exactly what I think an apple crisp should be. Soft in the middle, crunchy and sweet on top, to eat, I have been pointed and hot all the way through. It's little things like this that make me very happy. The chocolate soufflé/pot de crème/liquid center cake was also delicious.

But don't take it from little old me. Get out and try it for yourself.





Best Late Night Restaurant 2001 Best Bar/Nightlife 2001 **Best New Venue 2001**

Best In Live Performance Arts Nightly Sun. 8/4 - Tim Metzer presents Ellie Perez & Nu Cultures

8/5 - Edgar Bateman & Ellie Levin Thrs. 8/8 - Charles Ellerby of Sun Ra Arkestra w/ Prime Movers

8/10 - G-Room: Where queer girls go w/ the gay boys they know 8/13 - A free Rock Tits Event w/ the Holy Fallout

Mon. 8/19 - Jersey Band

8/24 - Sugar Skulls 8/25 - Small Change

8/26 - Ben Edward Trio, the Corrupters, the Sinners 8/30 - The Gentlemen 4 & DJ Dan Lovekirk

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Notes on Our Contributors

Pennsylvania by day, and a Baker for the Night Kitchen Bakery by night.

ANTHONY TIZIANA is a student at Temple University. He works in a factory. He is no longer a valet.

BENJAMIN TIVEN is an Associated Editor for The Independent. If given a choice, he would choose Wishniac Black Cherry Soda over all other sodas.

BERNARD JACOBSON is the program annotator for the Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia, a post he formerly held with the Philadelphia Orchestra, Born in London and educated at Oxford, he has worked as music critic of the Chicago Daily News, director of promotion for Boosey & Hawkes music publishers, and artistic director of the Hague Philharmonic Orchestra in the Netherlands, served as visiting professor of music at Roosevelt University in Chicago, and performs frequently as narrator in musical works.

By day BOB HILL manages a sales office for a business to business publishing company. By night he traverses the rooftops and side streets of the city, reporting all that slips between the cracks. In additon, he enjoys long walks on the beach and fast cars.

CHRISTINE SMALLWOOD lives in Philadelphia.

CLARK ROTH works at an insur ance company and sings in a rock band.

I. GABRIEL BOYLAN has been writing professionally for five years, and has ntributed to publications such as Philadelphia Weekly, the Inquirer, Nylon, Basement-Life.com, Insound.com and others. When he was eleven his mother offered him the choice between getting a skateboard and having to wear a helmet and pads or getting a freestyle bike with no helmet and pads. The choice was easy. Consequently, Boylan is not a skater,

but has always thought they were really cool. He currently resides in

from DOUGLAS, page 5

tionship between the two genres had grown more oblique than ever. One had to make an important decision: does jazz make concessions to the pop material it covers, or make pop come to it? The jury is still out on Davis' later efforts, but Douglas decision to take them as a model would point toward the latter. The Infinite's transformation of popular material becomes a matter of translation: fitting "Unison" or "Crazy Games" into the tradition without their ceasing to be the great pop songs that they are. "Unison," in particular seems to encourage a newfound emotional intimacy in the sometimes tight-lipped Douglas. Losing none of the lapidary intensity of the original, his tender, almost shy, reading suffuses the post-coital glow of "Unison"

For Douglas, going in the other

'You don't think Kenny G has tried to bridge that gap? Has he succeeded in bridging it? No. Has he tried

lessly connected with pop at various points in his career (one would imagine that this continued till the end, even as the connection became increasingly abstract), Douglas sees any disparity between the two genres as either illusory or circumstantial. For him, "it's just about getting up everyday and make some great music," no matter where the categorical divide may fall.

"There were years when I didn't listen to pop music, except for the old favorites, like Stevie Wonder and Joni Mitchell. But hearing the Radiohead stuff a few years ago really opened my ears up to a lot of beautiful [pop] music that either I hadn't been hearing or wasn't being made before." Douglas, one of many jazz musicians led back to pop by OK Computer and Kid A, jokingly refers to Radiohead as "a gateway band for

ARIEL BEN-AMOS is an under- Philadelphia. He misses being a gradugraduate at the University of ate student, having cable television, and

> his illustrations and cartoons can be seen in several Philadelphia and Boston publications -- Whats Up, ADV, THE INDEPENDENT. Jim has also done illustration work for the children's theater group Stages of Imagination and commercial packaging illustrations for Boulder Products, Corp. Jim currently lives in West Philadelphia where he is working on an upcoming comix DonkeyPunch with Pedestrian Press.

KATE ATKINS lives on 9th street

Assistant Professor at Temple University. His written work has been published in *The Velvet Light Trap* and American Literary Realism

LAURA LIBERT, who works for the Masons by day and one of the Ritz Theaters by night, has also ranted and raved in The Pennsylvania Freemason and in several exhibit brochures and hand-outs. She rides the Gremlin to work on a daily basis, much to the chagrin of some of her co-workers, and helmet.

MATTATHIAS SCHWARTZ is Editor

MC HYLAND is a poet, arts administrator, and teacher. When not writing poetry, reading, riding her bike, working on THE INDEPENDENT, dancing, or baking chocolate-chip zucchini bread, she can be found in the Pig Iron Theatre Company office, writing

with a hint of anxiety.

direction—forcing jazz to conform to pop—is dicey business. This can mean the difference between the reverential "interpretation" and the pejorative "cover."

But just as Miles Davis effort-

"[The pop tunes] are not a political statement about bridging the gap between jazz and pop. When there's great songs, you can do anything. When you've got great material, it works. I certainly haven't heard anything from Britney Spears that made me feel like grabbing my horn.'

sleeping on anything better than a

JIM COMEY is a graduate of the Maryland Institute College of Art and

near the Italian Market. This is her first publication.

KEITH GUMERY is a Visiting

will eventually get around to buying a

and Publisher of THE INDEPENDENT.

NATHANIEL FRIEDMAN has con tributed to the Inquirer, Philadelphia Weekly, and Jazziz Magazine. He wrote about the Rolling Stones and football (separately) in Issue #2.

At this point, flirtations with pop can be either sharply progressive or embarrassingly conservative. Because of this, no one knows what to make of The Infinite. Including pop tunes smacks of commercialism, the ultimate, conservative concession to the market. Yet at the same time, daring to take on some of pop's more adventurous figures at a time when all other music has gone stale is pretty fucking courageous. Misha Mengelberg's Four in One, which features Douglas and Han Bennink Mengelberg's longtime partner in crime, poses a similar riddle Mengelberg and Bennink, notorious cubist tricksters who practically invented the madcap school of "New Dutch Swing," have for years been mining this fractured, deadpan musical vein. Four in One finds Douglas' steely lines holding their own in this beguiling, Monk-accented universe, whether on the clanking, march-like

"Die Berge schuetzen die Heimat" or the streaking "Hypochristmutreefuzz," familiar from Eric Dolphy's Last Date (still probably Mengelberg and Bennink's best-known showing on record). For Thelonious himself are included as if to emphasize the tie to the tradition. Yet while Mengelberg and Bennink's personal idiom is nominally avantgarde-to your average listener, its jagged edges and bumpy rides can take some getting used to-they've been at it so long that it's practically

a tradition in itself. One could even make the argument that, after all these years of playing in this style, they're conservative and this is the more conservative of the two releases But in the end, it's The Infinite's updating of Miles' bond with pop and Four in One's ongoing investigation of Monk (a canonical figure much stranger-and far more elusive-than is often realized) that allow both to advance a tradition

rather than break with it or be

doomed to slavishly "update" it. "I don't think that either one is a radical break with tradition. There's nothing particularly revolutionary about either record; I feel more like an evolutionary than a revolutionary-playing today, using techniques developed over the last fifteen to twenty years, to add to a body of music, ideas and culture." ~

NEIL BRENNEN is Historian and Publications Editor for the Pennsylvania State Chess Federation, and a staff writer for Correspondence Chess News, which can be found online at http://ccn.correspondencechess.com. . Neil's recent essay on chess in early 20th century Quentin prison was nominated for Best Historical Article in the 2001 Chess Journalists of America competition.

PATRICK LIEDTKA is a social worker who works on long term care p grams for the federal government. He has written for academic publication and for his own and other zines.

SARAH SCHECKTER recently returned to Philadelphia from Minnesota, NewYork, Kentucky, and Georgia. She currently works as a

RICHARD CHARLES is an Associate Editor for THE INDEPENDENT. He lives near a bridge.

SONJIA SPECTOR is Pastry Chef at the Blue Angel.

SUZIE V. DAVIS is a journalist, social commentator and mail artist whose work appears in Musea magazine, Tric, the Philadelphia Funny Papers, and elsewhere. Ms. Davis also produces several small press publica

Look for a complete index of notes on contributors to Issues One and Two in Issue Four, to be released September 2002.

from TAYLOR, page 5

respect. Even this track, I respect the track, but I don't like this for the Roots. I don't feel this for the Roots. Of course, they are the Roots and I'm not. Lyrically it's beautiful as usual As far as Thought goes he says some big things in there along with some things that just keep the rhyme flow-ing. It's beautiful. It's art. But on the beat side, it's pullin', they're just not flowing together.

Mike: It's an ok song Ralph: It's an ok song from a phe

nomenal group.

Mike: It could be played at a party and it could definitely keep the tempo

Ralph: Yeah.

hip-hop these days.

Mike: And keep it movin'... Ralph: Yeah.

Mike: Without having to play the

produced by Neptunes stuff.

Ralph: I think that's what they're trying to convey- the sense that they are always purists to some degree Which is why I appreciate them more than 90% of the other artists that are

> JILL SCOTT, WHITE LABEL GIMMIE

creating hip-hop, or what is allegedly

Ralph: I love Jill Scott. Jill if you read this article, I want you to marry me. I love you. I will date the shit out of you girl, I will date you to death.

Mike: Okay... Ralph: I love you. I love this song. Ralph loves the Jill Ralph: Even if it wasn't her, I like the

Mike: It's good just to have a good

Ralph: When was the last time any body wrote that? Mike: My one qualm might be that

the beat is a little repetitive. Ralph: But that's it. It doesn't open up, it doesn't have to. Her voiamazing to me and that's all I really need. The back-up singers are amaz

It's not a song that I'll be listening to a whole lot

CLIPSE, LORD WILLIN GRINDIN

Ralph: The beat - considering it was produced by the Neptunes- it was actually pretty interesting. However, it does sound like the Neptunes were like "whatever happened to that grindin' beat we were working on Let's give it to this no-name rapper. But overall. I'd say on a scale of one to ten I give it a negative four. It's garbage, dude. Straight garbage. "Grindin'...you know what I keep in the lining." What do you keep in the lining? Are you referring to your utomatic weapon? Your gun? Mike & AJ: [laughter]

Ralph: They're like "we got the basic snare and kick thing, like 'We Will Rock You' on 45 rpms. And we're gonna put some like beeps and blips like underwater fucking bullshit accompanied by nothing else that makes the song redeemable lyrically or production-wise. But it is interesting, I give it that.

MONOWOWS ON THE



propose in these pages to provide both a chronicle of the Royal Game as it is played now in the City of Brotherly Love, as well as a review of our city's rich chess legacy. We invite you to share with us in this accounting and exploration of the

CHAMPIONS ALL!

In January, Ms. Jennifer Shahade, of this city, won the US Woman's Championship, held in Seattle, WA, in January of this year. Ms. Shahade, a graduate of Masterman High School, is the daughter of former Pennsylvania State Champion Mike Shahade, and sister of International Master Greg Shahade. For the first time, the US Woman's Championship was not run as a separate event from the US Championship, but instead the two tournaments were merged, with the woman's title given to the highest scoring woman in the tournament. We present two of Ms. Shahade's games below.

International Master Luis Chiong, of the Philipines, but a resident in our city, won the Chess Championship of Philadelphia the weekend of May 19th in the annual tournament held at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Chiong finished the event with a score of 4 and 1/2 points out of 5, edging out last year's champion, National Master Elvin Wilson, of this city. For a complete report on this event, please see the webpage of the Director of the tournament, Mr. Dan Heisman, at http://mywebpages.comcast.net/danheisman/chess.htm

This revival of the Philadelphia Championship is the brainchild of Mr. Heisman, a full time chess instructor, chess columnist, and himself winner of the Philadelphia Championship in an earlier incarnation. Mr. Heisman has been a chessist since learning the game at the age of 15. Within a year, he was then on the top fifty-list for men in his age group. He became Champion of Philadelphia in 1973, and became a master in 1981. In addition, he has served as a director and organizer for local tournaments, and promotes chess for young people. The Royal Game would be the poorer in our city were it not for Mr. Heisman's efforts on its behalf, both as a player and as an organizer.

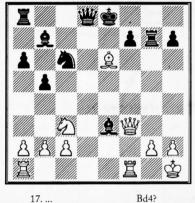
CHESS IN PHILADELPHIA

Our featured game this month is the concluding game from the 1973 Philadelphia Invitational Championship. Mr. Heisman has been kind enough to furnish the game with annotation, on which we have based our notes. Mr. Heisman's opponent is Mr. Boris Baczynskij, formerly of the Ukraine, but now a wellplayer of this

Mr. Baczynskyj - Mr. Heisman Philadelphia Invitational Championship (7), July 15, 1973

Mr. Heisman has described this as "Not the best game I've ever played,

| perhaps the most important." | |
|------------------------------|-------|
| WHITE | BLACK |
| 1. e4 | c5 |
| 2. Nf3 | d6 |
| 3. d4 | cxd4 |
| 4. Nxd4 | Nf6 |
| 5. Nc3 | a6 |
| 6. Bc4 | e6 |
| 7. Bb3 | b5 |
| 8. f4 | Bb7 |
| 9. 0-0 | Be7 |
| 10. e5 | dxe5 |
| 11. fxe5 | Bc5 |
| 12. Be3 | Nc6 |
| 13. exf6 | Bxd4 |
| 14. fxg7 | Bxe3+ |
| 15. Kh1 | Rg8 |
| 16. Qf3 | Rxg7 |
| 17. Bxe6 | |
| | |



In this complicated position, instead of the text move, Mr. Heisman notes that 17...Qe7! is better for him, but this wasn't known in master practice until a decade later,

ARDUOUS DIVERSIONS FOR THE NOVICE SLOTH

the royal game

The Pigeon on Chess

Our new Gustavus and his guide to the fairy tale of 1000 blunders

BY NEIL BRENNEN



Walter Penn Shipley and Capablanca on the steps of the Union League Club, Philadelphia, March 21, 1938, the day of the Cuban's last simultaneous display in the city. This photograph appeared in the American Chess Bulletin for March-April 1942, at page 30. The print used bere was recently made from the original 1938 negative, still in the Shipley family's possession. Courtesy of the Shipley Family Archives.

| 22.Bxc6 Ra7? |
|-----------------------------------|
| 23.Qf8++- Kc7 |
| 24.Rd1?? |
| Mr. Baczynskij could have won by |
| playing 24.Nd5+ Kxc6 25.Rf6+ Kxd5 |
| 26.Rd6+ Kc4 27.Rxd4+ Kxd4 |
| |

26.Qe7 Qxd7 27.Qe5+ Kc8 28.Rf8++-1 24...Qe5? Here, 24...Ra8! 25.Of1 Qg4 would have given Black an advantage.

28.Qxg7++

R_d7

Ra8

24.Rf6

25.Bxd7

25.Bxb7? Better was 25.Nd5+ Kxc6 26.Qd8!+- . At this point, the clock is influencing play. 25...Kxb7 26.a4 Re7 27.h3 bxa4 28.Nxa4 Mr. Heisman suggests 28.Nd5! Rg7 29.Qb4+ Kc8 30.Nb6+ Kc7 31.Rd5 Qe8 32.Nc4 Rb7 33.Qa5+ Kb8 34.Rd8++- was much better for White. 28...Qc7 29.Qf3+ Kb8? 30.Qb3+?? Better was 30.Qf8+ Kb7 31.b4!+- 30...Rb7 31.Qg8+ Ka7 32.c3 Qc6 33.Qg4?? The last mistake. By 33.Qd5! Mr. Baczynskij could have reached an equal position. Instead he went on

| 33 | | Re4-+ |
|----------|-----------|-------------|
| 34. Qf3 | | Qxa4 |
| 35. Qf2+ | | Ka8-+ |
| | 0:1 Time. | Black wins. |

CHESS IN SEATTLE

| As. Shahade - Grandmaste | |
|--------------------------|------------|
| ch-USA Seattle USA (3 | |
| WHITE | BLACK |
| 1. e4 | c6 |
| 2. d4 | d5 |
| 3. exd5 | exd5 |
| 4. c4 | Nf6 |
| 5. Nc3 | Nc6 |
| 6. Bg5 | e6 |
| 7. c5 | Be7 |
| 8. Bb5 | Bd7 |
| 9. Bxc6 | Bxc6 |
| 10. Nf3 | Ne4 |
| 11. Bxe7 | Qxe7 |
| 12. Qc2 | e 5 |
| 13. Nxe4 | exd4 |
| 14. 0-0 | dxe4 |
| 15. Nxd4 | 0-0 |
| 16. Nxc6 | bxc6 |
| 17. Rfe1 | £5 |
| 18. Rad1 | Rad8 |
| 19 h4 | 0.66 |

8 8 21. Qe2 22. Rxd8 Qb3 Rxd8 Qxb4 23. Qxa6 24. Rc1 Qa3 25. Qc4+ Rd5 26. h3 Qb2 27. Rc3 28.Rc2

Qe5 e3 29. Rd2 30 .Rxd5 cxd5 31. Qe2 f4 32. fxe3 fxe3 33. c6 Qc3 34. a5 d435. a6 Qc1+ 36. Kh2 Qxc6 37.Qa2+ 38. a7 Qc7+ 39. Qxe2 40. g3 41. Qxh5+ Qxa7 Kg8 42. Qe8+ 43. Qh5+ 44. Qe8+ Kh7 45. Qh5+

WHERE TO PLAY CHESS IN PHILADELPHIA: Franklin-Mercantile Chess Club @ 1420 Walnut Daily, 10 a.m. - 10 p.m.

Northeast Library @ Cotman Ave. & Oakland Saturdays 12 p.m. - 4 p.m. Rittenhouse Square @ 18th & Walnut Love Plaza @ 15th & J.F.K. Clark Park @ 43rd & Baltimore Ave.

Every Plaza a Discotheque

A potent combination of dancing and rollerskating is a recipe for Sunday fun

BY BOB HILL

street ballerinas would face off in Brooklyn alleys, battling for street corner supremacy. They

would challenge one another in epic showdowns, poplocking and windmilling for the right to be recognized as the best.

At about the same time neighborhood MCs and DJs were the toast of local block parties and dance halls in the five boroughs. They scratched and rhymed a new fangled format of

musical stylings that would forever change the face of Top 40 radio. These were the original archi-

tects of rap and hip-hop.

Every Sunday afternoon a similar innovation is gaining a loyal following in the nether shadows of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. It's a Fairmount tradition of cardio crafts-"rollerdance" and it's skating its way into a city's soul.

Rollerdance is nothing new. It originated as a number of other incarnations in Venice Beach and Central Park. The movement found its way south on I-95 and eventually departed at the off ramp for Center City, Philadelphia.

The unorthodox art form began in small skate palaces approximately 15 years ago when people grew bored with the notion of continually canvassing the hardwood floor for hours on end. Eventually, skaters started dancing to break the monotony of cruising around and around in circles.

The original innovators of the trend would convene in the middle of the skate halls, teaching themselves how to hipswing and chickenwing on wheels. A phenomenon was

Irvin Williams of Glenside recalls all of this on a hot July afternoon. Originally from New York, Williams has settled in Philadelphia and brought with him the desire to help the cult following of his pastime flourish and evolve. He says that the fitness craze in conjunction



The rollerdancers in Fairmount groove their

interest in people pursuing roller-

way through a Sunday afternoon dance as a means of aerobic exercise. Since 1998 the smooth pavement of Lloyd Hall along Boathouse Row has played host to these men and women every weekend. Over the past decade

Philadelphia mainstays like Penn's Landing and Love Park have been opened their surface to the wheel on weekends gang. Love Park is no longer an option. That's another

story.

The veteran members of the group have also performed at sever-Yo! Philadelphia-sponsored events around the city.

Williams is an auto broker by trade. He claims one of the major selling points of the group is the diverse background of its members. Doctors, lawyers, nurses, librarians, and fast food cashiers converge on an equal playing field to exchange conversation and have a good time. Despite the invisible constraints of a nine to five world that defines social strata by earning potential, on Sunday afternoon everybody laces

their skates up one at a time. The seasoned veterans of the group are former members of other roller sects with names like Rolls of Fire and Wizards on Wheels. They set an inspiring tone for the group, single-wheel spinning and two stepping their way to the groove. Williams is in the production stages of an instructional video that will expose the dance form to a much broader audience.

As for their location Williams

During the early 1980's, back- with the emergence and popularity the local authorities welcome the of in-line skates has sparked an skaters. Because of the crowd that the dancers draw, roller dance repre-

sents a cash cow for the surrounding vendors that are licensed to do business Irvin encourages new

nembers to join in on Sunday afternoons. The fun informally begins at noon and jams its way through the entire day, finally slowing down for the last dance of the night around sunset. It's part workout, part freewheeling

party (all fun).

the seventh day in On Philadelphia, God created rollerdance and, behold, it was very good. Toss on a pair of wheels and dance to the music.

WE SEEK ABLE AND ENTHUSIAS-TC WRITERS & ARTISTS to fill these very columns. This paper is yours, Philadelphia. We invite ou to make of it what you will. Here's how to submit your work: News, Essays, Reports & EXPERIMENTS: Write up a short proposal for one or more article ideas and email it to writers@phindie.com, or mail it to address on the masthead with your contact information. FICTION & POETRY: We welcome

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General

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somebody lives in it, ain't that gol' condition, 21 speeds, racing and Fotterall and McMichael do hear by blanged architectural history? Step offroad treads included. Fancy seat, issue a call to all stout-bodied and HISTORY down offin that lofty pillar and get fancy handlebars, fancy state a can band good's honest dirt on your brakes that stop on a dime. Manly hands... visit Lost Highways Archive dark red color, \$600, OBO Email can-fabled tomb of Prestor John. Those

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Call David mine... for, unhhh, an art project, yeah Strong Dollar, the Yen, the Standard LOFT: Wooden, good condition. amounts of space, pleasant neighbor kessler at (215)755-6996 or Email at How old does it have to be before of buying, the Wall Street Journal, the stilldsk@hotmail.com we can call it 'erotica'? We especially Joint Chiefs, the Pentagon, Inclined put back together. Real Cheap. hotwater included. Call 215-476-AUTOMOBILE FOR SALE: Buy wish to have access to the confiscated Plane, Nice Jewish Boys, Free to Interested? my 1989 Saab 9000 Turbo, Charcoal gray. No radio, one working window, one working door, light damage to cers, city officials, and censorship body, does 120mph easy. Needs TLC. boards. It has been 30 years since this Goya Black Beans into bowl. Mash Mambo Movers, the kind, gentle modest living quarters at a reasonable \$500 OBO. Email saab@phindie.com. stuff was legalized, so I think we can with hands until gooev. Fry several BED: Nearly new light blue double- talk about it like grown ups, albeit chopped garlic buds in skillet. Add sized Sealy matress with impeccable grown-ups with a kooky sense of one cup Gova Golden Corn and black OBO, includes boxspring and rolling collections or, preferably, borrow, on Goya Adobe and curry. Serve with ect) needs band members for touring looking for affordable space to live metal frame things. Will swap for transfer and return such collections in cooked white rice. This tasty dinner this fall and/or possible permanent and work in. If you you have such a return for a finder's fee. The older the will serve two for \$1.65. BICYCLIST NOTICE: Operation item, the better. If you only have a FRIENDS WANTED: The Crew is Invisible Bike. Are you a Center City single film but you know it is Really looking for imaginative young indicyclist? Sick of the way you're treated Old, please call my... friend... uuhhh... viduals who are hell bent on the ages of 21 and 74. Primary influ-TUTOR WANTED:

by cars and cabs? Wish they dail get Eddie at 215-925-2506 Changing Reality and Doing it Now. Out of the Chestnut Street bike lane? CAMERA: Nikon F2A with 35 [2] If you are interested in joining our Join a newly forming group of bicycle Nikkor. The workhorse camera of the ranks which include myself, ETB, activists. Participate in puonic demon-strations and distribute propaganda to convert evil motorists. Contact invisi-blebike@trackbike.com for more Better communication means better in touch with me, Ian Fraser, at Exciting Minutes and 13 Short but Call me (Laura) at (215)627-0697 or business. Independent consultant offers creative writing and communioffers creative writing and communioffers creative writing and communioffers creative writing and communiinformation. business. Independent consultant Idastardl
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monty signature riser bar and stem, basic—but not junk—gride on the sidewalk get your asses in shifters/DERRs [7sp R/ 3sp F] and the street and Ride With Traffic. If canti brakes, double water bottle boss—not go back to walking or paying GRAPHIC DESIGN / WEB / GRAPHIC DESIGN

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Georgian mansion polishin', Come and take a look at it. I can also yawnsville Colonial home lovin', "Tut, tut the freakin' Duponts thin n' that"

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of references, tongues spoken, and the history of living on wheels, turn of impress (or at least stun) the boss at

interior muralist will transform your space. You will want to stay home and EARLY 60s...uuhhhh, by a friend of of Warm, Greenland, Greenspan, the space. wit it like grown ups, albeit chopped garlic buds in skillet. Add www.mambomovers.com a month. Email apartment@phindie.com.

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MAJORS

Airstrike, the Working Poor, the roads. Open to the public M-F, 9-5. SPACE TO LET: Roommate needed

email- 2538.

lineup thereafter. Need drums, need space to share or you are looking for bass, need guitars, need keys/sampler. one and need a roomate, please get in ences include My Bloody Valentine, Someone who can help me prepare for Pixies, and Velvet Underground. You the GRE's in November. I especially must be ready to rock. Contact: Jer via need help with the math section () email at jettbrando7@hotmail.com or haven't had a math class since I was in

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Capablanca photograph submitted by John 5. Hilbert. Rollendance photograph by Bob Hill, Says that

AUGUST

Saturday 4

Sunday

6 Arrakis Records presents J-Zone with Briz, Dept. of Rec, Kenneth Masters, and the crackerjack d.j. Low Budget on the turntables. This crew has nicked one of best offenses from the Wu-Tang Clan's playbook-take a myth from the movies and make it your own. 9p.m. - 2a.m., Silk City, 5th and Spring Garden, \$10. And the Sci-Fi channel's remake of Frank Herbert's Dune, directed by David Lynch, is a nice myth. Rent it.

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

11 Sunday Friday

Technics as more filant stage props or culture trophies; they achieve the melodic versatility of guitars beneath his hands. With DJ Spooky, Ming & FS, and DJ Spinna, The North Star Bar, 2639 Pophar, 9p.m., \$15, 21*.

Nasault, \$5, 9p.m. Free.

Nasault, \$5, 9p.m. Free.

Nasault, \$5, 9p.m. Free.

Nasault, \$5, 9p.m. Free.

Notation of the City, at Molle's Bookston, 1010 8, 9th \$8, 9p.m. Free.

Dalek (pronounced like "dialect," spelled with a uniform over the "a," and maining a robor charge [Dr. Who through time, or first authentic streethess of punk, noise, and hip-hop performs material from their new release on Mike Pattoris Ipecae Records, Dalek's di. Still uses his Technics as more than stage propose or culture trophics; they achieve the melodic versatility of guitars.

Size the stocks of demonstrate and account of the proposed of temporary stacking the stress and some transpends of temporary stacking, the performs material from their new release on Mike Pattoris Ipecae Records, Dalek's di. Still uses his Technics as more than stage propose or culture trophics; they achieve the melodic versatility of guitars.

Thursday

Damn August can be hot. The Walkie-Talkies, The Mini-band, Man Planet, and God the Band will do the trick. Moving into the 95 degree Old City air will seem like a treat compared to the tomb-like climate of the bar. The Khyber, 56 S. Second St. Spr. 24, 87, 19. 12, 15.

Friday

17

Saturday

This weekend, thousands of 'extreme' attacks will converge on the city for the X-Gams. They will rwirf through the air, and afrik gallons of fluorescent caffienating beverages without fear of arrest for 72 hours, Joni in by giving our favorite extreme sport a try: Boulderdash, Between the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Room Museum, near the beginning of Kelly Drive, is a pile of boulders. Race a friend a the top, and watch out for the broken gass.

The Reference File of the research of ries, and memorabilia beginning August 2. 1026 Arch St.

hold a wake for LOVE Park. You can bring your photographs, sto-

Extravaganza!, an entire day of film, music, theater, and dance at the Rotunda, 4012 Walnut Street. This all-ages event will help raise The Rashomon Effect, featuring Fidget.
Hoopty Heavel, Tomas Jirku, at the
Rotunda, 4012 Walmu, 9p.m. Price (ab.a.

March, Noon to Midnight, \$10.

18 Sunday

22 Thursday

Rosalie Knecht will read from her dream-like short stories, her sentences chiseled and bittersweet as a Belle & Sebastian lyric, like these: 'I always carried a camera with me as a charm against time; I took it out of my pocket and snapped a picture...We slid past busier sidewalks. The shadows of the buildings were deeper and the sun on high windows shone harder. My eyes swallowed blocks. We were moving toward the city.' Molly's Bookstore, 1010 S. 9th St. 9p.m. Free. A fellow by the moniker of Easil mans the tables at 91.7 WKDU tonight to send lo-ft, high energy garage rock through the sky and into your bedroom. Make some requests- the poor guy sounds lonely in the midnight-3a.m. slot. His only solace is that well-worm maxim. only solace is that well-worn maxim "rock, and the world rocks with

16

27 Tuesday

ron P. swegman and Johnny Buckley read their poetry at Robin's Bookstore, ron is a reader from the old school – standing up, shaking his first at the heavens and declaiming long passages of verse from memory. If you find yourself inspired, the event is follwed by an open reading, 108 S. 13th St. Free. 7p.m.

Monday

The shore's closing up, the mercury's dropping, and it's back to the business of America, which is business, as Coolidge liked to say. Today is the first Monday of September, the Monday of months. A daily hour of Doc B. on Power 99FM will ease repetitive, meaningless tasks with repetitive, mus-cular machine music. I am in continual est workers of the day manage to make the 200 phone calls necessary to find an open line and still meet all their other responsibilities. Noon-1p.m.

Wednesday 6

Friday

ents A Tribute to Charles Mingus.

The Electric Mingus Project offers their renditions of Mingus's music, Shira Rudavsky discusses the past 25 years of Modern Art, and 25 years of Modern Art, and 26 years of Modern Art, and 27 years of Modern Art, and 28 years of Modern Art, and 29 Shira Rudavsky discusses the past 25 years of Modern Art, and Origlio Beverage provides Stella Artois beer. I can't imagine how that could be a bad time. The program runs from 5p.m. to 8:45p.m. and is included in the price of admission. \$7-10.

Even the squares among us love jazz. Am I right? In honor of the genre's most loved bass player, the Philadelphia Museum of Art prestorable in the presence of the presence of

8

Sunday

come out and advise us, praise us, yell at us; challenge us to chess, table tennis, seven-card stud, or single combat. There has been some confusion as to the exact location of

the meeting in past months; there-fore we have decided specify a particular statue within the park. That statue is the Frog. Noon.

11 Wednesday 14

The Editors of THE PHILADELPHIA INDEPENDENT will take their customary Sunday constitutional through Rittenhouse Square, sporting their new Autumn hats. All readers are welcome to and white residents of Jasper. Filmmakers Marco Williams and Whitney Dow will attend. The Prince Music Theatre 1412 Chestnut St., 7:30p.m. \$10.

16

UNTITLED DRAWING BY HEATHER RODKEY.

Monday

17

Tuesday

18 Wednesday 19

Thursday

Friday

Sunday

Is your high-strung roomate or sig-mificant other giving you static? Send him or her to a workshop on No Drama at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, where Prof. Richard Emmert and Sadumu Omura will show your pest how to express replace noisy, inclegant drama with elaborate costumes, masks, and best of all, silence. 10:30a.m.-12:30p.m., \$25, reserve a space in advance at the west entrance hall or call 215-235-7469.

of flanneled hairfarmers in New York at the Knitting Factory tonight and tomorrow night. This marks the first time Dylan Carlson, the man made famous for purchasing the weapon a certain Mr. Cobain later turned on himself, will perform live in over five years. With no plans for the future, Earth might not let you see them again either. 74 Leonard Street, all ages. Price to be

Why pay good money for flowers Why pay good money for flowers that wilt, when the trees hold a bounty of leaves of similar beauty and impermanence? Pluck a fine maple specimen for a friend at the very peak of its redness and store it in your freezer until your next renn your freezer until your fext ren-dezvous. Twenty minutes after receiving the gift, your buddy will be holding a soggy leaf, but it will be a beautful 20 minutes. Don't for-get to take Polaroid of the glory that was the leaf.

Why is it that everyone talks about puddle hopping in September, but we're yet to actually see anyone do ing it? Perhaps a lack of puddles is ing it? Perhaps a lack of puddies is to blame, and new puddling grounds should be sought out, or even constructed. The sidewalks at 13th and South are recommended, as is Franklin Square near 5th and Race. We recommend that they city gouge out irregular sidewalk holes for puddling in the fall and refill them in the spring, a proposal sure

Autumn (and it is not Autumn vet Autumn (and it is not Autumn yet, but it will be soon) is the season for wandering off into the woods in search of abandoned railroad lines. Fairmount Park's a good place to start, where the Belmont Line has slept beneath the duff for 150 years. Thank goodness this one's abandoned – the west park shouldn't be anything but a wilderen. anything but a wilderness

A panel of faculty from the A panel of faculty from the University of Pennsylvania will ask What is a Book? – a question that seems obvious but is becoming opaque in an age of factory-produced Clancys and digital ink. The discussion introduces an exhibit of media humans have used to preserve their thoughts through history. We suspect (but campet see.) serve their thoughts through history. We suspect (but cannot confirm!) that the perenially esteemed Missrs. Brie and Boxed Wine will be in attendance. Penn Library, 3420 Walnut St., Rosenwald Gallery, 6th Floor. 2p.m.-4p.m., Free.

SEPTEMBER